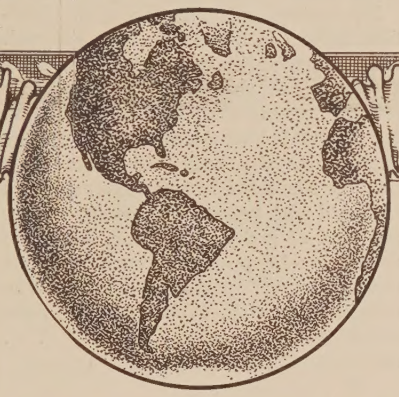
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

November 4, 1922



"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

One reason why Europe can't solve h problems alone is because she is too bu making new ones. (*Birmingham New*

υ λ

My contention is that the much advertised realism in fiction to-day is not real. It is an imaginative realism. It is without foundation in the world of fact. The realist of to-day exercises his imagination almost as much as the nineteenth-century romanticist, the only difference being that the romanticist of yesterday peopled his world with women of charming virtues and men of godly aspirations, while the realist of to-day peoples his world with men and women of pagan vulgarity. The novelist of to-day, in his mad rush for realism, has overreached himself. (*W. W. van Kirk, in Zion's Herald.*)

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Benjamin Franklin said once, "There never was a good war." Had he lived to see the sweeping curse of liquor, he might have added that there never was a good intoxicant. It is bad enough for objectors to the amendment to connive for the reenthronement of the tyrant; but in the name of justice and honest citizenship, let them cease from protesting that they are acting in the interests of liberty-loving Americans. (*Christian Register.*)

υ λ

For each retired minister $1,000 a year. Finding this formula in current Presbyterian documents, the friendly non-Presbyterian might be expected to remark: "This thousand dollars, I infer, is what you pay as a pension to your clergymen after age obliges them to give up the active ministry." Certainly that would not be an unintelligent guess. Any one knowing the numerical strength and financial wealth of the Presbyterian Church could not be said to be thinking extravagantly if he presumed that not less than this would be the yearly support which the church insures to a lifelong pastor upon his retirement. How then can a Presbyterian hold up his head when fact compels him to confess that this thousand dollar proposition is not at all what the Church to-day pays ministerial pensioners, but—*only the dream of the leaders of the Church for what perhaps the Church may some day be educated up to doing.* (*Continent.*)

υ λ

There is not the faintest wraith of a chance, floating over even the present sea of moonshine, that the United States will ever abandon its deliberately adopted policy for extinguishing the manufacture and sale of intoxicants on American soil. (*Continent.*)

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THE
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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

ARE THEY LOST?

ARE the unconverted soldiers who died in battle during the Great War lost?

In other words, do they now endure the torments of endless punishment?

In most circles such questions would not be even considered.

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., however, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who has earned the gratitude of his countrymen by many services of value, declared recently that they were lost.

Among other evils coming out of the Great War he listed "the Mohammedan idea of salvation, permitted, encouraged, taught during the war, that if a man die on the field of battle he will at once enter Paradise."

"This is not the Christian ideal," said the Bishop. "It is not even salvation by character or by good works. St. Paul declared, 'Though I give my body to be burned and have not love, I am nothing.' Not even to comfort the parents and friends of those lost in battle, can we preach any other gospel than that which is preached, that there is no way of salvation except by repentance toward God and acceptance of Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour."

One of the interesting phenomena of war was the calm acceptance by practically everybody of what Bishop Cannon calls incorrectly "the Mohammedan idea of salvation." This did not mean necessarily the idea that those who died were transported to any Paradise. It meant an absolute certainty that when they "went west" Somebody who knew all that they had endured and suffered, Somebody who understood even half formed longings and ideals, Somebody who could appreciate the unsearchable glory of self-sacrifice, would meet them and take them to that one of the "many rooms of the Father's House" they were fitted to enter—there to undergo the discipline and education which they had missed, perhaps, on earth.

If not put in this way, it was put, "God won't be hard on him. He knows what he's been through."

So far from being an evil of the war, it was one of the few redeeming things of the war, that men of all creeds, once brought face to face with the terrible realities of that awful struggle, dropped the ancient dogmas of fear and vengeance and clung to the great fundamentals of the Christian gospel.

Chaplains preached honesty, decency, courage, standing by, carrying on, helping the other fellow, faith in a Mighty God who was a Good God. Above the silent forms of the dead comrades they spoke words of cheer and faith. To the families back home they sent messages of everlasting hope.

It may have been a gospel of Mohammedanism. If so, the better for Mohammedanism. But the one they quoted was Jesus when he said: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Universalists agree with Bishop Cannon that "we need to emphasize in all of our churches the reality of sin, the need of repentance, loyalty to Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour." We even add that these are days when we must proclaim in thunder tones the certainty of punishment for sin here and hereafter.

But we know, what some day his great heart will understand, that loyalty to Christ is loyalty to one who gave us the parable of the Prodigal Son, a revelation of a Father so devoted that He runs to meet us when we turn back toward the Father's house.

* *

"WHY DON'T THEY SAY IT?"

REPEATEDLY when one speaks of Universalists in the old Churches, one gets the reply, "Why don't they say what they think?" The answer is, "They do. At least some of them do."

The Macmillan Company has just brought out "Modernism in Religion," by the Rev. J. Macbride Sterret, Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in the George Washington University and founder and now associate rector of All Souls Memorial Church, Washington, a church in good standing in the Protestant Episcopal denomination.

One misses the charm and the power of the book if he looks simply to see what Dr. Sterret says about whether or not there is an unending hell, but nevertheless we do look to illustrate the proposition we have made.

Not as one who is doing something unusual or

courageous, not as one who is enunciating something hard to work out, but in the most simple and natural manner possible, Dr. Sterret handles the subject:

"All souls are God's, here and hereafter, now and forever, whether home staying sons or prodigal sons to be drawn back into the Father's house. That is the eternal Christian hope and prayer. To the modern Christian the old doctrine that death ends all probation and that everlasting torment awaits the majority of men is inconceivably blasphemous."

He quotes the prophet Ezekiel: "All souls are mine, saith the Lord."

He asks why we can not pray for the departed. "If we have prayed for them here, how can we cease to pray for them there?"

Although he belongs to that wing of the Church strongly opposed to uniting with "Romanism," he asks why not give the name "Purgatory" to that intermediate state or intermediate school "which is the highest the vast majority of us will be fitted to enter, so slow has been our progress here."

And the end and purpose of life beyond, he defines as the end and purpose of life here, "the further education and discipline of the sons of men into the image of the Master, into sons of God."

In the utterances quoted and throughout his discussion of "Modernism in Religion," Dr. Sterret is clear, strong, deeply religious, full of love for all the beautiful old forms and hallowed associations of the past and eager for more light.

In nothing is he more truly religious, in nothing does he better honor God and serve man, than in his characterization of the teaching of an endless hell as "inconceivably blasphemous."

* *

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS ON ALL SOULS SUNDAY

SALVATION means saving. In the midst of the Great War we never heard the word salvation. We often heard the word saving.

Soldiers saved their comrades. Doctors saved the wounded. Noble women saved little children. Nearly everybody helped save somebody.

There was only one kind of thing which it was not considered right to save. That was yourself. It was right to save yourself if there was nothing else to do. It was wrong to save yourself if you could be helping some one else in danger. Nobody talked about "Safety First." That is all right when no one needs you to risk everything to come to him.

Now the Great War is long since ended. The smaller boys and girls hardly remember it. We don't have to run to get away from an enemy. We don't live where we have to run into dugouts to escape shells or bombs. But we have great dangers. One is not knowing what we ought to know—making all kinds of mistakes; the other is not doing what we ought to do—falling into all kinds of sin.

These are dangers not only for ourselves but for everybody else.

That other little girl may not know what she ought to know and she may make a mistake that will put her very life in danger.

That other little boy may not do what he ought to do and may commit a sin which will hang over him all his life.

The rule of the Great War holds here. If anybody else is in danger we ought not to think of ourselves, If another girl is about to make a mistake we ought not to think about more knowledge for ourselves, but of keeping her from that mistake. Better stand 80 and help another girl the night before examination than stand 90 and not help her.

If another boy is about to do wrong, we ought not to think of any danger to ourselves or even of saving ourselves, but of saving the other fellow.

Salvation is being lifted above sin or mistake. It can't come by any priest putting water on us. It can't come even by our believing anything about God. It can come only by our doing the right thing.

Priest or church or minister can help. Believing in God, studying about Jesus, is a great help. But salvation can come only by what we do ourselves, by thinking right thoughts and by doing right deeds.

And all that is right can be put in one sentence: "Think of the other fellow first."

As Dr. Perkins said so forcibly: "You can't be saved in any way that counts if there is somebody else you can help and don't."

* *

THOU TOO, BRUTUS

NATURALLY nearly all newspapers and periodicals are against censorship. Our liberties have been bought with a great price. They must not be sacrificed under the plea of "doing good." But opponents of censorship get a severe jolt in the pamphlet issued by "The Committee of Massachusetts Citizens against Censorship." This pamphlet says, of censorship of moving pictures:

> "The depicting of crime, deeds of violence, acts of revenge, family tragedies, episodes of abuse, deprivation and adventure, punishment, vice, sin, degradation and kindred subjects used in the development of plots . . . are put forward as matters injurious to the easily influenced mentality of youth and therefore should be eliminated from the movies. While this enumeration of subjects calls up thoughts of the harmful, yet when we apply them to history, literature or the drama, daily papers, and magazines, what do we find? What would be left if these were eliminated?"

If the pictures have got to the point that nothing would be left if dirt and blood should be eliminated, then they have gone a long way toward self-destruction.

There are many and serious evils of censorship, but we have seen nothing put out in its favor which is so powerful an argument for it as is this statement against it.

* *

THE ONLY WAY

A YOUNG Universalist lawyer went to the Pacific coast to seek his fortune. As soon as he dared, he married a Boston girl and God gave them three children.

The Boston girl's sister died, leaving six small children. The husband struggled on alone, determined to keep the home together, until, a little later, he also died.

Then the Boston girl, now a Pacific Coast mother,

said to her husband, "Dick, don't you suppose we could take one or two of those children?"

"Mother," said the young husband, addressing her as the children did, "Mother, I don't want to be responsible for separating those children. We are not doing so much for society—suppose we take all of them. There is nothing so much needed as good citizens, and there is no way that I know of to get them, except to raise them." So they adopted the six children, which made nine children in all.

In the family they all get along together. The oldest of the six children has his thought centered on buying "Uncle Dick" an automobile "when he gets to be a man." They think and plan for one another.

When the husband's old father died three thousand miles away back East, leaving a widow, sad, lonely and ill, the young lawyer and the Boston girl hurried back a cordial invitation for this widow, a stepmother, to come and live with them, and while the Boston girl traveled east to get her, the young husband hurried to build another room on to the house.

No memorial that could be erected to the dead father, a clergyman of the Universalist Church, could be as beautiful as the spirit transmuted to the son and exhibited by the son's wife. No service of "Americanization," no membership in good government clubs, no assistance of reform movements, no usual church or social work, can possibly equal the service rendered by the man and the woman who know that "nothing is so much needed as good citizens," and that "the only way to get them is to raise them."

* *

ONE FUNDAMENTAL

WE have always declared that there is a way out of all our labor difficulties. We have always contended that the highway by which humanity will reach the Kingdom of Heaven on earth is the highway of religion.

We are glad therefore when Sir Henry Thornton says the same thing, even if in a different way. Sir Henry has recently been appointed chairman of the Board of Directors of the Canadian National Railways. He has had unusual experience in dealing with men. His record with the Great Eastern of England inspires confidence in him. He relies not upon methods and schemes and programs. He goes to the root of the matter. The *Railway Age* quotes him as saying: "A man is either straight and competent, or crooked and incompetent. If he is crooked and incompetent we can easily rid ourselves of him. If, on the other hand, he is straight and competent, we have no need for fear simply because he is a labor man or the representative of any other economic interest."

That statement harmonizes very well with the statement of Roger Babson that "the solution of the labor problem will come about only as we all get more religion and apply this religion more to every-day life."

When the captains of finance, the masters of business, and the leaders of labor finally realize that back of all agreements there are men and women, whose actions alone make those agreements effective or not, we shall be on the way to industrial peace.

Whether a man goes straight or not is determined by the amount of religion which he possesses.

If the captains of finance really desire peace then they should support by their presence and money the churches, whose business it is to train people so that they will go straight.

If the leaders of labor really desire industrial concord then they likewise should get into some church and help. For, after all, the world will be saved by religion, which makes straight men.

* *

UNIVERSALISTS JUST STARTING

IN spite of the fact that we hear that churches are dying, religion at a low ebb, and the Universalist Church "through with its job," we are raising more money, getting more members and ordaining more ministers than in several years.

Universalists are just starting.

The Japan Mission in 1921 gained in contributions 79 per cent over 1920.

Quotas for the General Convention five years ago were around $6,000. Last year they were $12,000 and paid.

Two of our theological schools have over twice as many students as they had five years ago. Tufts during the war dropped down from twenty-five to six and is back to twenty. St. Lawrence has the largest theological class in twenty-five years. Orthodox ministers in increasing numbers are inquiring the way into our fellowship.

Anybody can point to country churches dead or dying. But there are others growing and broadening the scope of their influence.

Unquestionably we must deal with our country life problem in an aggressive and far-sighted way, for all our apparent new life and growth depends in the last analysis on these country feeders of the city, state and nation.

But we can strike a hopeful note and issue calls to push on without laying ourselves open to the charge of "glossing over" or "covering up" "something worse than anybody dare tell."

* *

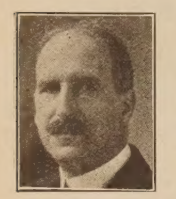
We Must Be Ready

Nothing in the religious world is so full of hope as the growing unity of the Churches, exhibited by the recent conference in Washington of Allied Christian Societies engaged in Community Work. That we are not included in all these federations, that the Federal Council of Churches, for example, does not ask us to join, ought not to cause us to close our eyes to a significant and important change taking place before our eyes. Where there has been division, there is union. Where there has been waste and loss, there is efficiency. And what they are fighting for is what we want with all our hearts: Abolition of war, justice between man and man, personal and social salvation, in short, the supremacy of Christian ideals as opposed to pagan. We have plenty of room in which to work for these things. We have our own little branch of the Christian forces to build up. We may miss some of the joys of closer fellowship with real comrades. But we know that when we are better understood and are asked to take our part in joint tasks for Christ and his cause, it is our business to have ready a force that will count.

They and We

The Rev. Frederic Williams Perkins, D. D.

"These all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they, apart from us, should not be made perfect."—*Hebrews* 11 : 39-40.



HISTORICALLY All Souls Day is the day for reverent commemoration of the nameless dead, outnumbering beyond measure specifically canonized saints. It utters the catholicity that is at the heart of the Christian faith. But it is more. It is the day for commemorating the transfiguring truth that living and dead are alike members of an indivisi family, a deathless fellowship of souls.

"One army of the Living God,
At whose command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

That indissoluble relationship gives deepest significance to one's precious personal memories. Each of us may tenderly say over his private calendar of saints. It may include father or mother, husband or wife, lover or friend. It may evoke a picture of benignant age dreaming dreams, or of ardent youth seeing visions, or of childhood's wondering eyes opened but to close. It may remind of one who gave his life for others who never knew of the sacrifice. To each some heart is paying the tribute of undying love.

But to-day these memories are more than personal and private. They are cosmic. Each is a living link binding us to the indissoluble family of God and its common fortune and task. We are children of a common Father, bound by a common law, shaped by the varying experiences of life to a common destiny.

This is the truth that underlies the sublime passage from the epistle to the Hebrews that gives us our text: "They apart from us should not be made perfect." It expresses one of the profoundest laws of life, namely, that the faith and sacrifice of the past find their vindication in the achievement of the present, and that the achievement of the present waits for its complete reward on the better future yet to be. Life is an organic unity, in which joy and victory and triumph are eternal.

Put yourself in the writer's place and see how he wrought his philosophy out of his experience. It was no easy dream of the cloister. It came out of tragic struggle with adverse circumstances.

This unknown writer was a patriotic Jew, inheriting the heroic dream of his race of the kingdom of God to come. His fathers had struggled and had failed. Abraham, Moses, Elijah and all the succession of the prophets had striven for the fulfilment of the promise and found it not. Christ had come and seemingly had joined the company of futile dreamers. And now he, a Jewish Christian, with his fellow Christians, was true to Christ's leadership under terrible odds, and still the fulfilment delayed, still the flying goal eluded their grasp. What was the meaning of the mockery of their sacrifices and hopes? Why had they not received the promised reward?

To that question came the answer, in the revealing insight which sorrow bravely borne so often brings: "They apart from us should not be made perfect." They could not receive their portion of good—as the Prodigal received it in the parable—until the good was the common good. Self-respect, favor with men, honor of lovers of truth and right, those they might receive in a measure, for those are personal. But the only complete and satisfying reward, the establishment of the kingdom of r'ghteousness for which they strove, for which they gave their lives, they could not have until others after them had carried on their unfinished work—"God having provided some better thing for us, that they apart from us should not be made perfect." The kingdom could not come to one until it should come to all.

This truth that all souls belong to God by a tie that sin and death can not annul is the sustenance of robust, buoyant, militant endeavor for righteousness in the conflicts of the present world. It puts behind the soldier of the kingdom of God the re-enforcing power of the kingdom for which he strives. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" But it must not blind us to moral distinctions that are not obliterated, but rather intensified, by the common spiritual sonship that we all share.

Within that all-embracing fellowship are the widest divergencies of spiritual condition. God may indeed cause His sun to shine impartially on the evil and the good, but that does not make evil good or good evil. No sinner is any the less a sinner because he is incurably a child of God; that is at once the measure of his fall and the hope of his rising. No child of God is a saint simply because God owns him; that is simply the material out of which his own sainthood must be builded. Heaven and hell are realities, but they are both within the Divine household. It is so here; it must be so there, for death can not change the moral law. Heaven is simply the world God's children make *with* God, and hell the world they make *without* Him. Not as an ejaculation of cheap profanity, but in sober truth, one may say that without God men make a hell of a world — and no time could furnish more terrible proof than these awful years through which we are living.

That is the somber side of the relationship that binds all souls to God. The hopeful side is that heaven is the very power of God that shall overthrow the hells. No heaven can be heaven that is populated by souls rejoicing in their own deliverance and smugly unperturbed by the horrors of the world's hells, for no world could be more completely without God. The Christ who condemned the Priest and Levite for passing by on the other side, and who held up to ageless shame the self-righteous Pharisee, could not be at home there—and what were a heaven in which Christ must be an alien? Heaven is heaven when it accepts hell as a challenge to mortal combat. No heaven can be safe as long as a hell remains to infect

it. No hell can be permanent so long as a heaven exists to overthrow it. Between the two is undying conflict that can not end until God shall be all in all.

This sense of the organic unity of human life as bound up into the life of God is also what makes belief in immortality a vitalizing faith rather than a shadowy speculation. A conviction of the enduring worth of the life of God in the soul of man is the ground of faith that any particular life is more than a bubble that bursts or a shadow that passes and is gone.

There is something curious about belief in immortality as a proposition. It has always been stronger than the strongest arguments for it, and has been strangely unaffected by the strongest arguments against it. If argument could have satisfied the reason, the question would long since have ceased to be debated. If argument could have overthrown it, it would long ago have passed into the sleep that knows no waking. The explanation is that the faith roots itself in some deeper experience. It is the homing instinct of the soul. It is man's response to the voice that assures him that he belongs now, as truly as he ever will, to an unbreakable fellowship of souls, in which the meaning and value of the single life is derived from the meaning and value of the whole. Faith in immortality that means anything is faith that we are called to do our part in a family task and pass it on to others. To strive to live as one worthy of that fellowship is the surest way to attain to faith that the fellowship is real.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

"What matter, I or they,
So the right word be said,
Mine or another's day,
And life the sweeter made?

"Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

"Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

"I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving."

The Cross in the Booth

A Pre-Election Vesper Address

The Rev. Harold W. Haynes

WE are accustomed to regard the sign of the cross as wholly a Christian symbol, originating with the crucifixion of Jesus. But if we cling to this idea, we are quite mistaken. In ancient Carthage it was used for ornamental purposes. Runic crosses were set up by the Scandinavians as boundary marks, and erected over the graves of kings and heroes. The ancient Egyptians employed it as a sacred symbol, and we find it in the Greek sculptures. In early America it was a sacred symbol among the Aztecs long before the landing of Cortez. It was one of the emblems of Quetzalcoatl as lord of the four cardinal points, and the four winds that blow therefrom.

It has four chief forms, yet it remains the cross. The Greek cross, shaped like our plus sign, is found on Assyrian tablets, Egyptian and Persian monuments, and on Etruscan pottery. The Latin cross, with the bar about two-thirds the way up from the bottom of the upright, is found on coins, monuments and medals carved or stamped long before the Christian era. The so-called "St. Andrew's Cross," which is our sign of multiplication, is the traditional shape of the cross on which St. Andrew met his death. The Tau cross, with the bar squarely across the top, like our capital "T," which is probably the most ancient form, was a phallic symbol, the sign of Creation, of Immortality and Life.

But wherever these are found we see them as sacred symbols, symbols of Divine power, strength, devotion, ability, sacrifice, immortality, creation.

Of course, to us the cross has come to be the symbol of the life, devotion and death of Jesus—the symbol of salvation. About the middle of the second century, because of the sacredness attached to it, because of the death of Jesus on the cross for the salvation of the world against the attacks of Satan, popular faith found in the sign of the cross a powerful device against the will of demons, by which people imagined themselves beset and threatened. Then, too, if the demons had entered in and the person had become possessed of the devil, the sign of the cross formed an important part in exorcism, or the casting out of said devil. So sacred was the sign that he could not remain in its presence. So much for the briefest sketch of the symbolism of the cross in ages past.

Notice this much, that wherever found it means that sacredness of purpose is implied, that Divine aid is implored for the carrying out of the purpose, and that it signifies, on the part of the one using it, a faith in that for which it stands, a pledge to live for that purpose for which the sign has been invoked.

We are all familiar with the fact that if a man can not write even enough so as to sign his name, he is allowed by law to "make his mark." It is not by chance alone that the "mark" he makes is not a circle, or a check, or a slanting line—but a cross. It is his pledge, his oath before God that the statement to which his "mark" is added is a true statement involving his character as a man and as a citizen, one which he will defend and for which he is responsible. In the old sacred sign he has called upon Deity to witness his intention, his statement, his pledge, his transfer of property, as the case may be. While he

may not realize it, he is using a sign which has come down out of the long ages, a custom which has become sacred through its associations. In making that symbolic sign upon the paper he has pledged himself to the duty, the burden, the effort, to see that the task contained is carried out.

Next Tuesday will be election day. As men and women you will enter the voting booth, and there you will find different sheets of paper. One of them, at least, will be printed in columns and at the head of the column you will find a blank place in which you are to make your "mark." You will also find places opposite the names in the list beneath where you can make your "mark" if you do not chose to vote the straight party ticket. On other sheets you will find certain paragraphs giving the text of certain acts of the legislature of this state, to which you are asked either to give your consent as to what has been done, or reject the action of the legislature. On these likewise you find a place left for you to make your "mark." You do not sign your name, you do something even more sacred than that. Following the customs of your ancestors for ages upon ages, you invoke God as your witness that this is what you wish; but even more than that, in the use of that symbol of the cross you pledge yourself not merely to wish, but to support your wish with effort. On each sheet of paper there stand before you two entirely different aspects of life. The one stands for one total view of life, and the other stands for another total view of life. Both have much to say for themselves. Here in that booth you stand with yourself, your conscience and your God. You are about to make the sign of the cross.

Before you, looking up at you from the face of the paper, are the names of certain men. These stand pledged for certain principles. Some of them will stay pledged and some will not; but giving them the benefit of the doubt, and using your best knowledge concerning their character, for which set of principles will you vote? In each of the referenda you will find another set of principles, principles that are antagonistic as they face each other there on the paper. For which of these principles will you vote?

You are about to make the symbol of Divine Power, that is, the power of Goodness. That to which you are to give your assent, and not merely your assent but your pledge, is the one of these two views of life which is your idea of the *best* good, as you stand before God. And in that symbol which you are about to make, you call on God to witness your decision.

You are about to make the symbol of Devotion. Not merely do you give assent, not merely are you going to vote for a man because you "guess" he is as good as any other, or because some one has asked you to vote for him, or because some one has told you to vote for him. You are about to make the sign of devotion to the principles of which he is the exponent. You are pledged to follow him in his leadership. You are not to vote on the different referenda because some person or some organization has told you how you ought to vote, but you are to make your sign of devotion to that particular principle which you are hereafter to follow. You are not merely saying that you think certain things will be fine for the *other* fellow, that he should do thus and so, but you intend to do as you choose in spite of how you vote—unless you would perjure yourself before heaven, which is a considerably more serious matter than perjuring one's self before human courts. Many do not seem to realize this, and I suppose it is because the punishment for contempt of court often does not follow so quickly. You are about to pledge your devotion, your tacit and active obedience to the measure in question, by the most sacred symbol in history.

You are about to make the symbol of Sacrifice. Not simply do you record your choice as to Good, not merely do you declare your willingness to abide by the measure as it shall be decided, not merely do you devote yourself to a perfunctory letter obedience; but you pledge yourself to obedience even at the cost of sacrificing your desires, your pleasures, what you may consider your financial interests. You took the oath of allegiance when you requested the right to make your cross for or against the questions which come before the citizens of this nation. You agreed to abide by the decision of the majority. The outcome may please you and it may not. It may be as you think right and it may not. As long as you do not run counter to the laws which the majority have made through their representatives and ratified by their own act, you may be neutral; but in many respects that sign of sacrifice obligates you to observe and obey even at what may seem a high cost of personal rights.

The Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, has put his finger on a weak spot in humanity when he says: "Everybody is ready to sustain the law he likes. That is not, in the proper sense, respect for law and order. The test of respect for law is where the law is upheld even though it hurts."

You are about to make the symbol of Creation. You are not only pledging your own efforts, but you are calling upon the Power of the universe to assist you in creating a better state of affairs, not merely for yourself, not merely for your neighbors in the immediate future, but for your children. You are calling into existence forces and influences whose strength will not be so much apparent within the next few months as within the next few years. You are about to assist in creating an environment and an attitude which, though this may seem far-fetched to you, in reality will have its effect upon the entire civilized world and the generations as yet unborn. The gods of the ancients were their ancestors. They ruled and all innovations were undertaken with an eye to their approval or disapproval. Our gods, the ones for whom we take care and have thought, are our posterity. They are as yet unborn; but the more highly developed a person, the more he or she regulates his or her actions in their relation to the unborn generations.

Within the voting booth, as in a shrine, you stand alone with God and the future. Here, as a child of God, you take your place as called upon to share with Him something of creative power. You put down your mark, and by making your mark a cross, you say, "There is what, if need be, I am ready to die for." Your vote is your faith.

Long years ago Jesus said to a little group of

people who caught the glimmerings of a better world and a better way of living, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me." The demand is no less true of any movement, effort, or organization. To bring our efforts to a successful conclusion, no matter what those efforts may be, it is necessary that we take up the cross, the symbol of Divine Power, of Devotion, of Sacrifice, of Creation, and with it upon our shoulders go forth to follow the light which we have seen.

Two days—and you will enter a little shrine, a place more sacred than any church, because there you not merely say, but actually pledge your creative power to bring to pass that which you may have unthinkingly repeated here this afternoon—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Two days—and alone with yourself and God you face the Cross in the Booth.

New Plans for the Leader

An Interview with Doctor Bisbee by the Associate Editor

AN interview with the Editor-in-Chief is not common in journalism either sacred or profane. But it might be undertaken frequently with advantage to various kinds of journals.

Away from the office, looking back at the job in the mental atmosphere, for example, of a great ship about to put out to sea—unhurried, uninterrupted, at rest—the perspective is true, the constructive imagination has a chance, and the judgment is sound.

Under such conditions we had three or four hours with the Editor-in Chief.

"I went to the *Leader* in 1898," said Dr. Bisbee, "as associate to Dr. Emerson. He died in a few months and I had the whole job. I am thankful that I was associated even for a short time with a scholar, a writer, a preacher like Dr. George H. Emerson."

"What books did Dr. Emerson write?" I asked him.

"I don't remember all of them off hand," was the reply. "One of his best things was 'A Life of Ebenezer Fisher,' the first president of the Canton Theological School, and another was 'The Bible and Modern Thought,' a series of editorials first published in the *Christian Leader*, upon the Bible and Higher Criticism.

"When I took hold of the *Leader*," Dr. Bisbee went on, "the Publishing House staff was made up of Mr. Endicott, Manager, our very efficient Mr. Polk, still with us, and John the foreman.

"For years I had to get out the *Leader* practically single handed. In those days it was a blanket sheet, of seven columns. On Monday nights frequently and always on Tuesday nights, when we went to press, I stayed at the office with John the foreman until one or two o'clock in the morning. I got caught there one night by a big blizzard and had trouble getting home.

"In those days the men who did most of the writing, besides myself, were John Coleman Adams, Almon Gunnison and I. M. Atwood. Dr. Atwood's 'Briefs' were a feature for years. There were more general contributions from the ministers. They got into their paper. They seem more modest about it now, I am sorry to say.

"When I went to Boston from Philadelphia to take hold of the new job, the Spanish-American War was on. From the car window I saw a flag on the steeple of a church, and wrote my first editorial on that subject: 'The Flag on the Steeple.' It is a good subject yet.

"Those were the days when the Universalist Church had no General Superintendent. Many of our independent people resented the idea. One of our Boston ministers said to me, 'General Superintendent? Let him come into my pulpit and I'll take him by the nape of his neck and the seat of his trousers and fire him into the street.' Not very elegant and not very Christian, but it shows the feeling. We backed up the new policy in the *Leader*, but, in spite of all we could do, men had to be sacrificed to demonstrate the need of the office."

"I want to get your ideas," I said to him, "about changes in the *Leader*."

"We can make them," he said quickly, "and we ought to make them. And we can make them so that we can keep the old *Leader* and have a new *Leader* of greater power and usefulness."

"Just what do you suggest?" I asked.

"First: Something on form. I've told you about the old blanket sheet. We have a semi-magazine form now, but it is too monotonous. The *Leaders* look all alike. Change the front page. Instead of poetry always, run a good picture now and then, as we have done sometimes. When you get two or three especially good articles print the names and titles on the front page as features. When you get a strong prose utterance you want people to read, print that. And we had better get on to the 32-page basis regularly. It is not a big risk. We will win by doing it.

"Second: Look up the question of mailing them out. Perhaps the fault is in the post office. Perhaps it is our fault. But there is no excuse for a man in Melrose or Philadelphia or Washington failing to get his paper until the Monday after publication.

"Third: Of course the big thing is not form but substance. We have got to make it interesting. There is no use of getting out the paper if folks don't read it. If we could only get people to the point of saying 'Has the last *Leader* come?' Now too many of the ministers say 'I believe it is out. I haven't had time to read it. I have had too much other reading matter.' We must make it so interesting that they will drop the other things and grab for the *Universalist Leader*.

"Of course you know my views about not making it all one thing—not harping on one string. We ought to hit every string. It is just like a preacher preaching himself out of his pulpit by talking everlastingly on one line. Outsiders say, 'They crucified that fellow for his social convictions.' The truth often is that they

dropped him not from disagreement but because they were bored.

"Some ministers think they could edit the paper far better than the editor. In some ways they could. But they would make it a mental healing paper, or a social service paper, or a theological paper, or a trade journal, as they call it, devoted simply to accounts of our church doings.

"We must stress the figures of our Universalist Church and of our Universalist faith and we must do it in a big way.

"If men won't read sermons give them editorials. If they won't read editorials put it in the form of journals or diaries or correspondence or stories, but put over in some form the mighty faith which the world needs so much. And I think we can well afford to do more on vital church news."

"And what is the hardest part of the job?" I ventured.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "It is a delightful, soul-satisfying job if you are fitted for it, and like it. If not it is drudgery, like everything else you don't like to do.

"Perhaps the hardest thing to do is to talk out frankly and honestly and tell people why you can't print their effusions. You can do it kindly, but a man can't afford to gloss things over. He must not try to be on two sides of the fence at the same time. It is not so hard to say what you have to say or to do what you have to do, but it is hard to be misunderstood. I personally, however, have had a happy time.

"And when I am away, get all the advice you can, and get all the suggestions you can. Go after them. Seek them. Everybody interested can make some useful suggestion. And when you have got them all, use your own brain.

"Make your own decisions and stick to them."

Out in the Big World

XX Down East for a Centennial

John van Schaick, Jr.

WITH Albion of Portland, who celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his church recently, and Tomlinson of Worcester, who is well on toward such a celebration, I went down to Maine to help the church at Bath commemorate this great event in its history. Albion and Tomlinson were the orators. I was the reporter.

I had heard considerable talk about how hard hit Bath had been by the armistice. This ship yard had built thirty destroyers in the war, that one had built ten oil tankers, both had built many merchant craft, the armistice ended everything, the population dropped from 18,000 to 13,000 at one fell swoop, and things were black for Bath.

It was therefore a pleasure to come upon Mr. Johnson, one of a firm of four brothers in a mercantile business tied up with shipbuilding, and to hear him discuss the situation.

"We are far better off," said he, "than half or two thirds of our people realize. We are simply back to the population we had before the war. We have many industries running just as well as they did before the war. And now, with the lightships under construction and a passenger boat for coast work and some barges up at the other yard, we are doing just as well in the shipyards as before the war. Yes, I'm an optimist, but that means I try to see things as they are."

There was nothing surprising but nevertheless something cheering and comforting to find a man who talks things up and not down, in the Universalist church, and helping in the centennial of that church.

The whole atmosphere of the celebration pointed up. It was like the marvelously beautiful spire of the old First Congregational church, newly painted, dazzling white, pointing up, against the background of a dark gray cloud in the late autumn afternoon.

Our church years ago was a theater. It now has a beautiful auditorium, lately done over at an expense of $5,000, by the Lamb firm of New York City, and lighted, as Albion said, "the most evenly and beautifully of any that I ever saw."

There were interesting experiences for all of us that afternoon in Bath before our meeting.

Dr. Gray took us over the church, took us through the ship yards and took us up to his house. None of us had ever before met a Universalist minister who lived in a house of eighteen rooms with four baths, and two furnaces which burn forty tons of coal a winter when one can get it.

Out in the big world, these Bath men, sea captains, many of them, got big ideas. They built huge houses. They filled them with rare furniture.

Out of the third floor of Dr. Gray's house the old captain who built it had put a huge dormer window with an elevated platform in it like the bridge of a ship, and here he could sit and command a view for miles down the Kennebec. By his chair was a speaking tube like the signal tubes to the engine room of a steamer.

When we reached Bath early in the afternoon of Tuesday, Oct. 24, we found the papers full of the interesting historical address which Dr. Gray, the pastor, had given on Sunday, Mooney of Auburn making a stirring address to the Rotary Club, and the stage all set for the evening service.

To that service came Allen Brown of Rumford, a former pastor, who offered a beautiful prayer, and Shook of Brunswick, who pronounced the benediction. In the congregation were the pastors of the Baptist, the Congregational and the People's churches, all young, live, vigorous, co-operative fellows. It didn't take me long to find that they were the kind of men I'd vote for for any ecclesiastical office from the papacy down.

Albion in his address drew inspiration and hope from the great men of the past, Tomlinson outlined the work ahead of us in the present.

"Our fathers," said Albion, "were 'come outers.' That is they were thinkers. What was dominant in the religious thinking of that day was contrary to something which was singing sweet and low in their hearts. To express what they believed about the love of God they had to come out and suffer ostracism and persecution.

"Our fathers read the Bible for themselves with open mind. They were saturated and super-saturated with the Book. Hosea Ballou, it was once said jokingly, had only three books, the Boston directory, the Farmer's Almanac and the Bible. At least it can be said truthfully he knew the Bible. Thomas Whittemore could recite it from cover to cover. And these men who studied it without prejudice, without seeking material with which to bolster up a creed, found that it revealed God as a Father.

"Horace Greeley once said, 'If all the Bible were lost but the 15th chapter of Luke, which tells of the Prodigal Son, I'd feel that I had the heart of the Gospel.

"That chapter tells us that no matter how low man may sink, low as the lowest Magdalene or Jerry McAuley or John B. Gough at their worst, the Father is going always to the door, looking down the lane, with a heart that aches, waiting to welcome the wanderer back.

"That is what the men preached who builded this church, and it was a message of light and hope and cheer amidst great darkness."

Dr. Tomlinson said: "Every year that passes the Universalist faith is more dear to me and the world's need of it more impressive. It is an age of discontent which needs our gospel. Europe is discontented with us. They want us to remit the debts. They want us to participate in their affairs. Well, I suppose they will have to be discontented with us. While as citizens of the world we ought to keep in touch with the affairs of the world, we are conscious of the fact that we are hardly fitted to be a judge and an umpire in the affairs of Europe and of Asia. Our nation is made up of forty nations and we must be careful not to get a division started among us by taking sides.

"The fellowship of the Universalist Church, the worship of the Church, the message of the Church, and the person and character of the Master, grow dearer and dearer to me as the years pass. The supreme need of the world is Christ and through our Church we give not less of Christ but more of Christ to the world."

The Bath church was established in 1822 through the labors of Hosea Ballou, then located in Boston, Sylvanus Cobb and Wm. A. Drew. Among its ministers have been: John T. Gilman, E. G. Brooks, Joseph Crehore, Henry W. Rugg, L. J. Fletcher, Almon Gunnison, Edgar W. Preble, L. L. Greene, I. P. Quimby, Abram Conklin, A. B. Hervey, Allen Brown, Sidney J. Willis, and Francis A. Gray.

Especially tender reference was made by Dr. Tomlinson to Dr. Rugg, who married him, and to Dr. Almon Gunnison, who preceded him in Worcester.

One had to be curiously insensible at this centennial not to feel the presence and the power of the mighty men of our faith who have built the Universalist church of Bath.

And one had to be curiously unobservant not to realize the drive which the minister of to-day is putting into the work.

Out in the night we went when the celebration ended, over the open road in a fast motor driven by Ralph O. Dale, only yesterday a youngster in Washington, now a driving successful lawyer of Bath. He took us to Brunswick, to catch the Boston train. At the station I supposed that there was nothing left but the usual long vigil, waiting for the sleeper. But suddenly out of the dreary waiting room, with its recumbent forms, its closed ticket office, its dim lights, its spittoons and its unspeakable weariness, I was taken by a committee from Albion, who had landed at the home of his daughter. There I found light, warmth, a friendly dog, coffee brewing on a stove, fresh cookies, and a young professor husband and son-in-law just back from a visit with his wife to the League of Nations. No holding back here, no idea that this mighty nation was going to get wounded to the death by taking its share of the hardship and burden and agony of the world! It was the atmosphere of another upper chamber of long ago. And Albion read aloud to us what Ashby Jones said in Washington and what can't be repeated too often:

"You can't send your missionaries around the world to tell of a World Saviour and a gospel of world responsibility while you send your political ambassadors to say that this nation has no responsibility except where its own interests are involved. We can't play the dual part of Christian philanthropy and political paganism in our relations with the rest of the world."

The train came all too soon.

Dr. Rice Goes to Washington

THE pulpit of the Church of Our Father, 13th and L Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C., vacant since the death of Dr. Levi M. Powers in December, 1920, has been filled by the choice of Dr. Clarence E. Rice of Springfield, Mass., who has agreed to take the church for a period of two years.

The Washington church issues the call upon the basis of a recommendation made unanimously by the General Superintendent and the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention. Dr. Rice will not be simply a supply. He will be installed and become the real pastor. He is in full sympathy with the conviction of the General Superintendent of the Universalist Church, who is to raise the money for the new church in Washington, that a choice for permanent pastor should not be made until the church is completed. Dr. Rice is not so situated that he can give his services to this great project for an unlimited time. It is his conviction, however, that the church needs pastoral care as much as vigorous preaching, and he will take hold of the task as if he were to stay for an unlimited time.

Dr. Clarence Edgar Rice is sixty-one years old. He was born in Watertown, N. Y., the son of the Rev. Luther Rice, a preacher of the Universalist Church, and on his mother's side is from the Skinner family, which has sent several of its members into the same service and one, Otis A. Skinner, upon the stage.

Dr. Rice was graduated from Tufts Divinity School in 1893. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Tufts in 1905.

He began his ministry in Cambridge, Mass., going from there to Utica, N. Y., where he served for five years. He then went to Japan as a missionary, where he remained for seven years, serving the Universalist Mission.

Returning in 1900, he married Miss Mary Campbell Peckham of New York City, a Universalist from the Church of the Divine Paternity, the famous old church of Dr. Chapin now served by Dr. Joseph Fort Newton.

Dr. Rice supplied the Troy, N. Y., pulpit temporarily, and then was called to Reading, Penn., where he stayed seven years, going from there to Springfield, Mass., where he was pastor fifteen years, retiring last year.

Dr. Rice is one of the men of the Universalist ministry who believe emphatically in the usefulness of the beautiful old forms and ceremonies of the Church. He is a strong, spiritual preacher, an unusually efficient pastor, a skilful organizer and a man highly respected for his personal piety. He may be classed among the so-called conservatives rather than the so-called radicals of the Universalist Church. He has traveled widely in Europe and the Far East, and is a man of scholarship and culture.

No more fortunate choice could have been made to step into the gap in Washington at this juncture.

Mrs. Rice has served effectively on the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention, and on the Executive Board of the Woman's National Missionary Association.

Dr. Rice has a home in Springfield, Mass., a summer home at Westminster, Vt., and has been spending some months in the winter of late at Miami, Florida, where he has recently purchased property for a winter home.

To take hold of the Washington church at this juncture means for him a complete change of plans made for extensive travel and residence abroad. He, however, approaches the task enthusiastically because he believes so emphatically in the proposed National Universalist Memorial Church in Washington as a tribute to the men of the Universalist faith who served and died in the Great War.

Dr. and Mrs. Rice have one son, Otis R. Rice, a sophomore at Harvard University.

Front Porch Studies

ALL sorts of visitors come to my Porch, for the latch-string is always out, and as a result the gatherings in the course of a season can be denominated as pan-racial, pan-American, Pan-Oriental, pan-political, pan-ornithological, pan-religious and pan-about-everything, living and dead. All this is very interesting to me, being versatile in my tastes above the common run. Though I am not scientifically and technically in step with Mr. Einstein, following through his theory of relativity, I recognize a by-product quite essential to just and happy relations between men or beasts and that is "the point of view." The point of view of the cat and the small bird is radical in its significance. The point of view of the snake in the grass and of the young lady seeking safety on the other side of the fence is startlingly sensational. The snake is not known to have any sense of humor, but we are willing to wager the Sunday school collection that the snake feels funnier than the young lady! And then there may be interjected still another point of view, when a nice young man, inspired by gentle love and armed with a brutal club, climbs the fence and scares that snake almost, but not quite, out of its skin. The point of view of the young lady is that there is something wrong with nature, when such vile creatures are allowed to scare helpless maidens over high fences; the point of view of the snake makes him think he has been wronged out of a delicious morsel of young lady, and of the nice young man that "he seen his duty and done it," and henceforth he will "lay for" snakes in conjunction with young ladies! This comic tragedy in the field is but a scrap from the reel of real life. From the point of view of the baseball fan, the downpour of rain the day of the big game is a calamity and should be stopped by Divine Providence, but that same downpour of rain on the same day, from the point of view of the farmer is welcomed as a genuine blessing, saving his crops from drought.

The Turk and the Greek have a different point of view, and so they fight; neither will consider the other's view point. Most quarrels, personal, economic, communal, national, international and racial, grow out of our misunderstandings of each other; we do not know the point of view of the other fellow.

* *

That is why the latch-string of my Porch is out. I want to get the point of view of others, for I recognize that there are a few besides myself trying to do right, and mostly, like myself, making a botch of it! Life is a very complex thing, and human action is not to be determined entirely by outside standards or by material results. On the face of it, it is a sin to cut off a leg, but when the surgeon amputates a leg, thereby saving a life, it is an act of beneficence. One man was very prudent and saving until, known to possess much wealth which he never gave away nor spent, he came to be looked upon as a miser, a skinflint, and the whole community despised and hated him. But when he died he left his great wealth to the city to supply an abundance of pure water, and then those who had criticised helped to build a monument to their benefactor. There is nothing easier than to condemn the rich, and to boast of what we would do if we were rich, when, as a matter of fact, we do not know what we are talking about. From our point of view we see only free money and lots of it. Could we see from the point of view of the rich man we should see that any increase of income is accompanied by increase of expense; we should see great numbers of dependents; we should see how capital must be conserved against possible disaster. We should see how little difference there is proportionately between the rich and the poor.

When the poor man comes upon my Porch I give him my sympathy and help so far as I can, and when the rich man comes, I give him my sympathy because of his larger responsibilities, and help him to do the larger things set for his hand to do.

* *

An angel came to my porch in the beautiful twilight of a passing day. I knew it was an angel because of its beautiful wings and beautiful song; but even an angel is not always a welcome guest. Those who go forth to paint the town red are conscious of some restraint in the presence of an angelic being, and when engaged in the very commendable occupation of splitting wood in the back yard, and a piece flies up and hits you in the left eye, an angel seems rather in the way of adequate expression! Angels have their place and our estimate of them depends entirely upon our point of view. So I was open-minded, receiving gladly my heavenly visitor. It never occurred to me that this visitor could be other than heavenly, and so I watched it with growing interest, I listened to its alluring song, and suffered myself to be allured. It was like the vamping of the female of the species—I was afraid of it, yet craved it. It drew near and perched upon my ear with gentle caresses, when, all of a sudden, that blessed angel gave me the shock of my life, for the dainty little thing had taken my whole ear and the back of my neck between its invisible teeth. Instinctively I forgot the duties of a host, and struck with the intention dire of making one angel less in this bad world; but of course I did not hit him! He was yards away splitting his throat or rending his wings with melody, while he watched for an opening on the other ear. He found it, and again I struck, and again he danced away on silvery wing to watch me with reproachful eye. Then I took a folded newspaper and I pursued that bloodthirsty angel into a corner of the screen, and I slaughtered him. I took fearful revenge, I smote him hip and thigh, I crushed him to an unseemly mass against the wires, and I gloated in my victory, and immediately had the screens repaired so that no more "angels" could make their way into the sacred precincts of my Porch. And then in peace and comfort I sat back to think about "the point of view." This bloodthirsty mosquito evidently looked upon me as a luncheon caged by divine providence for his special benefit. He saw no reason why he should not eat, drink and be merry, and his feelings were hurt at my rude opposition. And then, too, there was my own changing point of view. When first I greeted this heavenly visitor, my soul was filled with rapture; as long as I believed he was from heaven I was heavenly in my disposition, but when I discovered below the heavenly guise there was the scarlet raiment of Satan, all the evil in my nature was aroused and I struck for liberty.

* *

Now, just how are we to judge of our human visitors? There are all sorts and conditions of men, and they get inside our screen. There are cooing doves and royal Bengal tigers, there is the festive hippopotamus and the dancing butterfly. Here comes the ponderous elephant, and the dainty mosquito, each with his own point of view, and for him whatever he does is right. And mankind is not yet so far away from our animal ancestry as to escape certain racial traits. I have had upon my porch at one time the cooing dove man and the Bengal tiger man, and it was very hard to keep that tiger from doing what was right from his point of view and making a choice morsel of that cooing dove. I have seen the festive hippopotamus man trying to be as airy and light as the butterfly, only to make himself an object of ridicule to the whole animal kingdom. But he did not know how funny he was, from his point of view he was a whirlwind of joy, and the human elephant who took me in his trunk and flung me over the nearby tree was not as irritating as the mosquito man who got my ear, and would not let go.

* *

But after all it is a golden company which breaks through my screen and occupies every one of my porch chairs, and I like them all. Even the people I don't like are likable when I get them in focus of the right point of view. Even the mosquito, though he may not seem attractive, yet is but following out the dictates of his own nature, and compelling lazy men to clean up the miasmatic places of earth. It takes all kinds of life to people this round earth, to fill my Front Porch or to fill a real church, and until we recognize this necessary variety, and fit together all these many diverse parts, we can not know life in its fulness and real worth. While I was musing, behold a devil's darning-needle came in and gathered up the mosquito, and a big-mouthed bird captured the devil's darning-

needle, and an agile cat caught the bird, and a panther slew the cat, and a royal Bengal tiger went out into the grove to settle it with the elephant! And there I was all alone, and lonesome for my recent companions, big and little, good and bad. And I fancy it will be so when we stand on the Porch before the Great White Throne and there is a separation—we shall be very lonesome for some poor soul whose only fault was that he did not see from our point of view.

F. A. B.

Why He Goes Back to a Parish

ASKED why he had resigned the Superintendency of Massachusetts and taken the pastorate of the First Universalist Church of Somerville, the Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D., replied as follows: "There is only one legitimate field for a man educated as I have been for the Universalist ministry, and that is to serve as a parish priest. I was educated to minister to the people in a local parish and to build up a local Universalist church, and I do not feel that I can be true to my training if I don't give the greater part of my life to that kind of work. I came to the Superintendency because it was pointed out to me as a field where I ought to work for at least a few years. Now I have done it and have put into it all that was in me. At this juncture of my life, with all the data that I now have before me, I know that it is my business to go back to the local church."

DR. GEORGE E. LEIGHTON

Asked about his plans for the immediate future of Somerville, Dr. Leighton replied as follows: "Since the Rev. H. D. Maxwell resigned two years have passed. Of course the important thing now is to get hold and stabilize things. Shortly after the first of January we will start weekly Sunday night services and get some of the men from the national field in to speak to our people. In the spring we will start in to build the remainder of the church plant, the social hall and the Sunday school room."

Asked about the future of the Superintendency in Massachusetts, Dr. Leighton said: "The office has been developed to a point where it is almost necessary to have a second man. When I came into the field it was not so. Now we need one man to give his whole time to field work and a second man to sit steadily on the job in the office. Everybody agrees that the policy of the Superintendency has abundantly justified itself as an organization. The next step is to have the Regional Superintendency. I am for the Superintendency more than I was when I went into it, but I believe that another man could do more in that office just now than I can, and I believe that I can do more in building up the thing upon which everything else depends, and that is the local church."

Dr. Leighton left the pastorate in 1910, after serving successfully at Portsmouth, N. H. He was Superintendent of the State of New Hampshire for four years. For the last eight years he has been Superintendent of Massachusetts, where he has been recognized as one of the strongest of the State Superintendents. He is a Tufts man of the class of 1894, and received the degree of D. D. in 1919.

Somerville is fortunate to get him.

The Value of the News Element

A Comeback

My dear Dr. Bisbee:

Your essay in the *Leader* of Sept. 30 about living in high places starts me off because it is so much like the stuff I have been preaching in my little magazine, *Areopagitica*. A beautiful long word, and very ancient and respectable, as you know, and meaning the philosophy, the science and the art of dwelling high up—and then I lugged in another word, pragmatism, which was meant to preach that it does no good to live high up unless you also understand the art of getting down to earth for long stretches between your periods of highupedness.

And then reading a little further along, I come upon van Schaick's "In old Norwichtown." And there I run on to the following:

> "Repeated illustrations, like these, of the power of the printed page fire me anew with the conviction which Dr. Bisbee has driven home to me in every letter and every talk, that we must make and circulate a *Universalist Leader* of ever-growing power."

Having got this far I am suddenly seized with a purpose to do a thing I have never done before, *viz.*, to turn *pro bono publico* and write a letter to the editor. Since this streak in me is about as rare as the seventeen-year locust, I know you can stand it for this once.

Here is what is on my mind: Since I left the ministry where I was just an average dub in the pulpit, preaching to two or three hundred people a week, I have been able through newspapers and magazines which I have published to preach to a half a million people a week. Last year here in Philadelphia in our Sunday school campaign I perched on the front page of the *North American* and spoke my piece daily to two hundred thousand families, and then by night I went out and spoke to a hundred thousand people in the cities of Pennsylvania and the three adjoining states.

I mention this not only to qualify as a publicity man, but to lead up to the thing I want to say to the Editor of the *Universalist Leader*, and which I have

been tempted to say many, many times. I might add that just now I am going to New York every day and getting about twenty times as much as I ever got for preaching, to be the preacher for a commercial enterprise which is raising some twenty million dollars from the public—drawing it in at the rate of three or four hundred thousand a month—and I am depended upon to fashion the persuasion, and in doing it I am doing nothing in the world but just preaching Universalism —the kind that starts high up, like your "Front Porch Studies," and then hastens right down to earth to put the high truth to work and make it bear fruit.

Now I am coming to the point. Could you take a man like van Schaick, or get a first-class reporter, and put some *news* in the *Leader?*

Let me illustrate what I mean.

I believe a man by the name of Roger Galer is president of the Universalist General Convention. Now and then his name flits across a *Leader* page. A little while ago the *Leader* published an address by Galer. It struck me as a vigorous piece of writing. Beyond that, Galer to me is just a shadow.

For years there has been a man by the name of Hutchinson in Chicago, Universalist layman. Another shadow man. I often wonder what these men do for a living, what business they are in, how successful they are. Come to think of it, the entire laymanship of our Church is a blurred background in the *Leader*, without form, almost without substance.

To shoot my bolt and be done with it, I think all of the denominational journalism has this common fault: It preaches the *doctrine* of the Kingdom of God, but it doesn't give a particle of *news* about the Kingdom of God.

If the *Leader* could have one good picture-article a week bodying forth the real personality of our Church, letting us see who our men are, who our women are, who our ministers are, showing them at work in the world, telling us what they do and how they behave, what they achieve, so that we could get to know each other as real people, with our definite decencies, distinctions, industries and destinies, I believe the *Leader* as the purveyor of such vital, interesting, and entertaining news would jump in circulation just as our newspapers do.

I could enlarge on this, and perhaps will some other time.

I read the *Leader* faithfully every week, as I have done for years; and I also glance over about a dozen other denominational weeklies; and I give it to you as the opinion of an expert that the writing side of the *Leader* surpasses that of any other religious journal in the country. But religious journalism in all the denominations has failed to learn what secular journalism so conspicuously illustrates, *viz.*, the value of the news element. People are interested in what men think, but their interest in what men think is increased a thousand-fold if they can know the men who do the thinking, see them at their work, see them as flesh and blood realities in the communities where they live.

Robert D. Towne.

"Only a Package of Letters"

Dorothy Hall

The Warren, Abingdon, Berks.
July 9, 1922.

I went to the tennis match at Wimbledon after all. Anne and Hudson had gone up Friday for the match, with reserved seats which they paid a lot for. They stayed over night, and Saturday morning at eight Anne 'phoned me that Hudson was going out to stand in line all the morning on the chance of being able to get 5 s. seats. So up I went to town, met Anne at Wimbledon, and sure enough Hudson had the seats, after standing in line from 9 to 12:45 and using American football tactics at every opportunity. They were the best seats in the place, right on the edge of the court. There is a small amphitheater much like the Yale Bowl built round the Center Court, with the royal box very prominent at one end. The King and Queen were there, also ex-King Manuel of Portugal and Mrs. Manuel. We saw first a men's doubles between Watson and Washer and Cochet and Borotra. That was followed by the match between Anderson and Patterson, both Australians of the Davis Cup Team. It was marvelous tennis. Patterson has a serve so swift that you can't see the ball, but a very disagreeable personality. He glowered at the umpire and the linesmen and ballboys till they shook in their shoes. We wanted Anderson to win like anything, but sets were two all and he lost the final one. In the midst of their match it began to rain, the usual event in an English afternoon, and they covered the court with a tarpaulin. We all wandered about while it rained for two solid hours, from four to six. Then the sun came out, everybody cheered and clapped, they rolled up the tarpaulin and the game began again. The great match we were waiting for finally came about seven, the finals between Suzanne Lenglen and Mrs. Mallory. Suzanne glides on to the court wrapped in a moleskin coat and carrying a vanity case. But she can certainly play tennis. Mrs. Mallory is a cute little brown thing, who looks just like an Indian squaw, and is a marvelous player, of course, being U. S. Champion, but she couldn't do a thing to Suzanne. The French girl plays like clockwork with almost infallible accuracy. She is all over the court without seeming to move. It seems impossible to place the ball where she can't reach it. She beat Mrs. Mallory 6-2, 6-0.

We also saw Lyatt and Miss Ryan, holders of the mixed doubles championship, play Campbell and Mrs. Peacock. Mrs. Peacock, who is one of the best English women players, is the exact antithesis of one's idea of a tennis player. She is a peaked little thing who does her hair in a bun at the back, and wears a hug-me-tight and a heart-shaped locket. She surely has antimacassars on the backs of her parlor chairs and is president of the Ladies' Sewing Circle. The idea of her being a tennis champion is too ridiculous.

We didn't leave Wimbledon until eight o'clock and caught a ten o'clock train home. It landed us,

however, not at Abingdon, but at Radley, a town two miles away, and we walked the rest of the way along dark spooky roads. We had had such a gorgeous day we felt up to anything.

The Branches are being "taken up socially" by numerous big-bugs, but it doesn't include any of the rest of us. Write me now care of Brown Shipley, 123 Pall Mall, as I shall be up in London two weeks from to-day.

* *

The Warren, Abingdon, Berks.
July 15, 1922.

On Wednesday morning Hudson's two friends arrived and we have been having a hilarious time ever since. They are starting off on a bicycle trip through Scotland on Monday. The afternoon they got here we took them down to Sutton Courtenay to play tennis and as we went down by the river we decided on a punt as a means of conveyance, assuming that punting was a perfectly simple process. It turned out not to be. Hudson and George and Bill each took a turn at it and Anne and I gave advice, loudly and somewhat abusively, but they were none of them what might be called a success at it. Our course down the river was a series of bumps and if it hadn't been for the momentum caused by bumping first one bank and then the other, we should never have reached there at all. The few boats we passed on the river greeted us with ribald laughter. Each of our punters devised his own method. Bill's was the most successful. He stood as far forward as he could in the boat, rammed down the pole, and then ran rapidly back as the boat went ahead. The chief objection to that was it upset the rest of us. Why nobody fell in or remained with the pole as the boat passed on is a mystery. Every so often some other punt passed us and it looked so altogether simple that our self-respect was considerably diminished.

Thursday morning we all packed off to Warwick. We saw Warwick Castle that afternoon and then had tea in a garden by the river, just under the castle walls. After tea we walked out to Guy's Cliffe, the estate of Sir Algernon Percy, a lovely chateau-like place built high over the river. Then we walked back to town and had a tremendously good dinner. We ate so much we disgraced our nationality. We spent the night in Warwick and the next morning we scoured the town for bicycles. It was raining hard, but nothing daunted we started off without raincoats or umbrellas for Stratford-on-Avon. Of course we were soaked when we arrived, but it soon cleared off, and we dried ourselves in the sun. We saw the Shakespeare house, biked out to Ann Hathaway's cottage, did the church, and started back to Warwick. We went the long way round by Sir Thomas Lucy's house, where Shakespeare shot the deer. We were planning to get something to eat on our way, but couldn't find an inn, so we had to ride the whole ten miles on empty stomachs, and reached Warwick about two o'clock ready to eat raw June bugs. I am sure the people at that hotel must believe the U. S. are in a continual state of famine whenever we are at home. We ate every scrap of anything they could give us.

In the afternoon we went to Kenilworth and spent a couple of hours wandering about, poking into dungeons and climbing up into towers. It certainly is a very romantic spot, much more so than any of the intact castles, I think. There was an old blind guide given to poetical effusions, and he took a great shine to us and used his most flowery language for our benefit.

We finally took an eight o'clock train back to Oxford, and bought Banbury buns at Banbury and ate them on the train. We were all so tired and had laughed so steadily and uproariously for two days! It was certainly a tremendous lot of fun.

* *

The Warren, Abingdon, Berks.
July 18, 1922.

Saturday Anne and I accompanied Mrs. Branch in the afternoon to tea with a Mrs. James, who lives in an "improved" farmhouse on the other side of the town. Her gardens are lovely, full of Easter lilies just now as our own are here. English gardens certainly have much more charm than any I have ever seen in America.

When we were in Warwick we picked up a very agreeable woman, who invited us in to see her thirteenth century house. She was an American by birth, a relative of the Dennison Paper people, and she had a gem of a house, all old oak beams, and beautiful carving in the most unexpected and out of the way places. Her garden was a delicious place, and it was just a backyard that we would have wasted in our country. The house was on the main street of the town, and yet the garden was quite as lovely as one might expect off in the country somewhere.

Sunday morning it rained and we couldn't do much, but in the afternoon the five of us bicycled over to Cumnor, about seven miles, up hill and against the wind all the way. There was a very interesting old church, eleventh century I think. Cumnor Hall, of which there is only a ruin, was the scene of Amy Robsart's death in "Kenilworth," you may remember. After seeing the church, we routed out the proprietors of the inn across the way, although it wasn't supposed to be open on Sunday, and had a perfectly tremendous meal of tea and bread and jam. We took turns in carrying the empty plates and pitchers back to the kitchen to beg for more. We coasted back home almost all the way, but we got quite wet as it started to rain again. Monday morning the three men left for Scotland. We hated to see them go like anything, and are feeling quite lonely and deserted.

Yesterday Anne, Mr. Branch and I started off on the bikes to get across the river at Radley. We found something labeled a "ferry," which consisted of one rather small-sized punt into which we piled ourselves and our bicycles and managed to get across somehow. There wasn't any ferryman, so it involved leaving the boat on the wrong side of the river, but we couldn't figure it out any other way. Then we went up through the lovely Nuneham woods full of wild box and through the grounds of Nuneham Harcourt, the estate of Viscount (or Lord?) Harcourt. The park is very extensive and very well kept up; lovely old trees and acres of what we would call lawn. There were black sheep grazing about and a herd of deer and several pairs of emu, a South American bird

something like an ostrich, with their young. It was as good as a trip to the zoo.

I expect to get to Paris by August 1, so you'd better address my letters from now on to Morgan Harjes Company, 14 Place Vendome, Paris.

* *

The Warren, Abingdon, Berks.
July 22, 1922.

The other afternoon Mrs. Branch and I went to tea at the Vicar's. He is so perfectly precious with his little crumpled clothes. He looks as near like a saint as anybody I ever saw. His wife is rather a contrast, with a somewhat bitter, though whimsical, way of saying things. The vicarage is a big, ungainly house which they have to live in, of course, whether or no. The former Vicar's wife apparently had some money and built stables and a paddock and a gardener's cottage and I don't know what all, and now these poor dears have to keep all that up at their own expense. And every so often a diocesan surveyor bears down upon them, looks the place over, and decides what repairs the Vicar will have to make. *And* the surveyor gets paid in proportion to the amount he decides they must lay out on the place. Aren't you glad you're not Church of England?

The Vicar had just acquired a new waterproof arrangement, a cross between a poncho and a rain cape, which was drying out on the front lawn in the sun, and he exhibited it to us with greatest glee. It had an extra point to cover the handle bars of his tricycle, and he was tickled to death with that. He had bought it for 2-7 through an advertisement in the *Daily Mail*. Isn't that just like a vicar in a story book? Mrs. Vicar took us into his study and it was a worse mess than any I ever saw you manufacture for yourself. Between the couch and the fireplace there was one wild scramble of books and papers, all over the couch and falling off the couch on to the floor, and spilling into the fireplace. "And he thinks he knows where everything is," said Mrs. Vicar.

I have made arrangements with a good hotel in Paris, recommended by the Branches, on the left bank and in a very convenient and pleasant district. We shall get there July 30 if we follow out my plans.

Western Headquarters

Louisa L. Magraw

VERY often during the past year and a half I have been asked, "Well, just what do you do in the Western Headquarters?" in a tone which questions whether I do anything. It is my purpose to answer this question by telling a little of the history and scope of the work of this branch of the Church.

When I was sent to Chicago something over a year ago to "supply Universalist materials and propagate Universalism in the West and Middle West," it was not decided what method could best be followed to accomplish that end, and the details were left to be worked out afterward. I arrived in Chicago on the morning of the formal opening of the Western Headquarters, which then consisted of an empty desk and a series of empty shelves. It was unfortunate that the opening should have been held under such circumstances, and I fear it created a false impression among some of those present, an impression that the Western Headquarters was to consist of a representative and a desk, and this impression could well have been strengthened by the fact that a shipment of materials which should have arrived was destroyed in an express car fire. I really was a bit surprised, however, when, a short while ago, a pastor who had been receiving my letters from time to time came into the Headquarters and, after looking around, said with a trifle of surprise, "Why, you have everything here, haven't you? We could get our supplies from here just as well as not, couldn't we?" He could; and I have been anxious for the pastors in this territory to realize that fact.

As soon as I learned my way around the rather extensive plant of St. Paul's-on-the-Midway, in which the headquarters is located, I began to learn what goods should be kept on hand, and then to stock them. I am still learning, and when I am convinced that the call for a certain article warrants carrying it in stock I try to do so. The Headquarters was established for the convenience of the Western and Mid-Western Universalists, and only as it is used can it fulfil that purpose.

The expense of its maintenance is being carried directly by the General Convention, but the several departments are all contributing their part to the General Convention to be used for this purpose. As all are assisting in the expense, all should, and do, have representation in so far as is possible. We work impartially for the good of the Publishing House, the Y. P. C. U., the General Sunday School Association, the Women's Missionary Association, the Clara Barton Guild, and all other branches represented in Boston. The work of the Western Headquarters is broad and not limited to any one branch, as is occasionally presupposed by people who are not properly informed, as I recently discovered when I found myself on a convention program from "The Publishing House, Chicago." This is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. In justice it should have read "Western Headquarters."

The Western Headquarters carries copies of all Universalist publications, books and pamphlets, sufficient to meet all ordinary demands. We have a good stock of all the Murray Sunday school lessons and also all other branches of Sunday school equipment, including the Cradle Roll and the Home Department, absence and birthday cards, cards and programs for special occasions, etc. We have an abundance of literature for free distribution and if you, or your organization, can advantageously use any of it we will gladly send a supply upon application.

All the printing is done in Boston, as formerly. All the magazines are mailed from Boston, but we have sample copies of the *Leader*, *Onward*, the *Ambassador*, and *Myrtle*, etc., which may be used to meet emergency needs or for sample purposes. We are

also glad to forward subscriptions for any or all of these publications. News articles and other matters for publication, as well as changes of address, should be sent directly to Boston in order to obtain the quickest results. If such matters come to me they are duly forwarded, but such forwarding means delay.

We have Y. P. C. U. pins, banners, secretary's books, topic cards, descriptive literature and anything else you may want. For the Women's Missionary Association we have the mission study books, mite boxes, literature and Clara Barton Guild supplies.

We have what we call our Personal Service Department, through which, if you need something to meet particular needs but do not know just what is wanted, if you will write us in detail of your need, and if you have previously had something which meets your need and will describe it, we will try to furnish what you wish.

We also have a mailing list of people who would be interested in receiving Universalist literature from time to time. The only way this list can be kept up is for *you* to send the name of that person you have had in mind who ought to be interested in Universalism, and we wish you would *do it now*.

We have no catalogue of the miscellaneous book which we furnish, as through an arrangement with the publishers we are able to supply any book which you may wish at the price you would pay if you purchased it directly from the publisher. If you know you are going to want a certain book, why not remember this branch and let us get it for you?

In conclusion I will say that the Western Headquarters is now in a position to render almost the same service as is rendered from Boston. We would very much like to make this office self-supporting, and are especially anxious that business which has been going through the channels of other denominations be redirected into those of the Universalist faith. If you have been placing your orders with Boston we have no quarrel over that, and if you have been using the publications of some other denomination because you *prefer* them, that is all right too, but if you would place the order for such goods through our office, and allow us to forward it to them, it would cost you no more, but the courtesy extended by one dealer to another would help on the expenses of this office.

Let's get Universalism!

The Board of Trustees of the General Convention

The Rev. Roger F. Etz

THE Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention met at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, for their regular session on Oct. 17 and 18. All members of the Board and the General Superintendent of Churches were present. During a part of the meeting the Rev. John van Schaick, D. D., representing the Washington D. C., parish, and the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, D. D., of New York, were also present.

The reports of the officers of the Church and the auxiliary organizations were presented for consideration. The keynote of these reports was progress. Perhaps the most encouraging feature of the meeting was the systematizing of business so that the members could spend much of their time discussing and outlining policies to be carried out.

The financial reports showed total receipts for the year from quotas of $11,264.49, a decrease of $878.45 from last year, which was the largest year ever reported; Japan Mission receipts of $11,315.67, a decrease of $799.53 from last year, making a deficit in the Japan account of $3,126.59 for the year. For the Universalist National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House for Young Men the sum of $5,544.50 has been received. Drive receipts for the year amounted to $29,134.71, the total received to date in the general fund amounting to $245,525.86.

The funds held by the General Convention now amount to $670,825.83. Among funds received during the year are the James F. Ray Fund and the William E. and Alice E. Gaskin Memorial Fund, the income from which is to be used for general and missionary purposes.

The report of the chairman called attention to the needs of publicity, a closer affiliation of the various departments of the Church, and a definite financial policy.

The General Superintendent reported progress in some missionary fields and discouragements in others, but in all a determination to face and solve the problems involved. Such advance is being made in Waterloo, Iowa, and Riverside, California, that they asked much smaller appropriations than heretofore made to them. Other promising missionary fields are opening up and the General Superintendent was charged with the responsibility of carrying these on in co-operation with the Regional Superintendent.

Dr. Lowe also reported on the campaign for the National Memorial Church in Washington, D. C., and the Perin-Cate Home in Tokyo. A site has been agreed upon in Washington and plans for an active campaign are going rapidly forward.

The special committee which is working out a policy for a ministerial welfare fund, reported progress and was instructed to bring in a full report at the January meeting.

The report of the General Sunday School Association was especially gratifying, showing progress in many different fields, especially in the development of the habit of giving for others in America, in Japan and the Near East.

The Commission on Public Welfare, through its chairman, Dr. Hall, reported some active work done but that few churches are seeking the help of the Commission in planning their social programs. The Commission is willing and anxious to be of service and the churches are urged to make use of it. The Rev. Edgar Walker of Winchester, N. H., sent a very interesting report of the work being done in his church as a demonstration center under the direction of the Commission.

The death of the Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D., a long time member of the Board, was recog-

nized as a great loss to our Church. The following resolution was adopted:

> "The members of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention share with our people everywhere a sense of the great loss which we have sustained in the passing of the Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D. As a member of this Board for many years, by his sound judgment and unwavering loyalty he rendered a conspicuous service to our organized Church and in many other ways proved himself for fifty years one of Universalism's most able and abiding friends. To Mrs. Adams and his daughters we tender our warmest sympathy and also to the Church of the Redeemer of Hartford, Connecticut, of which he was pastor."

The death of Dr. Adams caused a vacancy in the office of preacher of the occasional sermon at Providence, 1923. On nomination of a special committee, the Rev. W. H. McGlauflin, D. D., of Scranton, Pennsylvania, was elected to fill this vacancy.

Steps were taken for the appointment of committees to arrange for the program and entertainment of the next session of the General Convention in Providence, R. I., Oct. 24-28, 1923.

The consideration of the proposed Universalist National Memorial Church in Washington, D. C., occupied much of the time of the Board. A lot on New Hampshire Avenue has been agreed upon and an option secured. The Committee on Building and Site was authorized to purchase the property and proceed with the building with all possible speed. Dr. Lowe, the Director-General of the campaign for raising funds, reported on plans which are approved by the Board. The active campaign will very soon be under way. The Rev. Clarence E. Rice, D. D., former minister of St. Paul's Church, Springfield, Mass., has been secured as pastor during the present transition period and the work of the local parish will continue to go forward under his leadership.

The Board has considered carefully the proposed financial drive for 1923, but decided that conditions are not favorable for such a drive at this time. In place of this plan, a simultaneous financial canvass of all our parishes in co-operation with all auxiliary organizations is proposed. This was approved by the Board and referred to the office of the Secretary to be worked out.

The Committee on Information, the publicity committee of the Board, was instructed to work out some means of giving proper publicity to the larger work of the Church. Plans are under way to get more publicity in newspapers and other periodicals.

Gideon Isaac Keirn

THE news of the death of the Rev. G. I. Keirn, D. D., Oct. 25, came as a shock, for we had supposed that Dr. Keirn was in his usual excellent health. A host of friends in all parts of the world will mourn the sudden passing of one so beloved in our fellowship.

Gideon Isaac Keirn was born in Columbus City, Indiana, in 1854. He was early drawn to the ministerial profession and graduated from Canton Theological School and Tufts College, receiving the degree of D. D. from Buchtel College in 1904. He served as pastor in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Norwood, Mass., Portland, Me., Charlestown, Mass., Muncie, Ind., and Atlanta, Ga. But his greatest work was achieved as Superintendent of our Mission in Japan.

Dr. Keirn was first called to the Japan Mission in 1898, when he was pastor of our historic church in Charlestown, Mass. He was succeeding admirably and was happy in his work. He did not want to leave, much less to go to the other side of the world far away from his many friends. But the officials of our Church convinced him that it was his duty to respond to their call, and he rose to their demand with customary courage and cheerfulness.

He made a notable contribution to our cause in Japan, and we owe him much for his devotion and unflagging energy. He accomplished his work principally through the printing press. He not only preached much, he wrote more. He published tracts and articles upon all phases of the liberal theology, and these were scattered broadcast through the empire. His words found their way into many Japanese publications, aroused wide interest and stimulated genuine sympathy. He was a sower of seed. No one can estimate how far these seeds were scattered, but of this we may feel sure: in the reconstruction of religion which is taking place in Japan, the words of Dr. Keirn will bear abundant and excellent fruit.

His missionary work was interrupted by his return to America in 1901 on account of the health of Mrs. Keirn. For seven years he was the pastor of our church in Muncie, Indiana, returning finally to Japan for another period of devoted service. Four years ago he returned to America, and after a prolonged and much-needed rest he accepted the pastorate of the Union Liberal Church of Atlanta, Ga. Here again, in a new field, he achieved success and won the affection and respect of the people of the city.

Perhaps the strongest characteristic of Dr. Keirn was tenacity of purpose. When he felt that he was right nothing could swerve him. This quality was so marked that sometimes associates became impatient with his intensity of conviction. But where he felt a certain course to be his duty, not even friendship must stand in the way of his pursuit. Quietly, without noise or bluster, he kept his way. And this must be said, that in the end his way generally proved the right way.

He took his share of hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ and never turned his back to a foe, but moved straight on to what he felt to be the triumph of the true and good. So, he has fought a good fight, he has kept the faith, he has finished his course. We shall miss the influence of his fine personality, and the wisdom of his counsels.

Dr. Keirn was married in 1881 to Miss Anna M. Kimmell, who has shared the success which she helped him to achieve, and who will receive the sympathy of the entire Church in her bereavement.

Crematory services were held in Cincinnati on Friday, Oct. 27, the Rev. Harry Adams Hersey of Muncie, Ind., officiating.

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Camera

WE went, I and a friend, unto a Notable Celebration. And I spake unto him, saying, There will be interesting sights and people, and we could use a camera.

And he said, My Camera is no longer with me. Some one wanted it more than he thought I wanted it.

And he lifted up his eyes, and behold, across the way, the Shop of a man who sold Cameras.

And he said, I know this man, and he will lend me a Camera.

And I said, I will buy the Films from him.

And the Camera Man was Very Courteous, and he took a Brand New Camera, and said, I am glad to loan it for so Worthy a Purpose.

Now that day we saw many things that we wished to Photograph. And at each of them did my friend point his Borrowed Camera, and Press the Button.

But on the next day, when he took the Films to be Developed, behold, there was not a blessed thing on one of them. And when he investigated the Camera, behold, the Shutter was out of order, and it had never once opened all that day.

There had been Wondrous Sights that were visible, and the Sun was bright, and the Film was new and Sensitive, but the Camera never once opened its eye.

There be folk who go through life in that fashion. They have eyes and see not; ears have they but they hear not. The earth is full of things which they might see and from which they ought to learn, and they go through all the Motions, but they Register Zero in Results.

So I look out upon mankind, and I pray as the Prophet of God prayed for the young man, Open his eyes that he may see. For the mountains are still full of Chariots and Horses with Power and Victory possible for him who hath eyes to behold.

* * *

WHERE CHRISTIAN LIVING BEGINS

IN the early days of the war, a friend of mine said to me: "Yesterday, our minister preached a sermon in which he told us a very moving story about a dispatch-rider who had surrendered his life rather than betray his dispatches." (There were more details than these in the story as he told it to me, but this is enough for our present purpose.) "And then," my friend went on, "he said: 'What a pity it is that the man had not been equally devoted to his eternal salvation!' Now," said my friend, "there seems to me to be something wrong about that. What do you think of it?"

Before I report my answer, I should like to point out that this is a very good instance of the way in which religion has been, if I may put it so, theologized away from life. Here you have religion and the saving of the soul removed away from the ordinary loyalties and devotions of life; and if salvation is a sort of process which does not affect and is not affected by the common pieties and spiritualities of the workaday world, then either this our common life is a silly swindle or religion is an old wives' tale.

And the answer that I returned to my friend was something like this: "Well, I think that I should take my chance with that dispatch-rider. For it seems to me that the very essence of salvation is that a man has seen something so much greater and finer than himself that he is ready to die for it. It does not seem to me to matter much how he came by it; but I do not think that a man sees anything like that but that God has shown it to him, even though he was not aware of it. Nor does it matter by what name he called the thing he saw. He may call it truth, honor, fatherland, or any one of a dozen names, but I believe that what he had seen was the kingdom of God. His vision of it was no doubt dim, partial, flickering, but it was clear enough to command his surrender. Salvation is to have seen, however faintly, however distantly, the heavenly vision, and to have obeyed it, even though one is not able to explain it or even to give it a name. If that dispatch-rider was not saved, I do not see much hope for the rest of us. For he saw the heavenly vision and paid for the vision with his life."

Now, religion may and does give us courage, reenforcement, a sense of unseen but mighty companionship; but it does not rise to the full height of its power or meaning until it is also vision and obedience. Religion, as the New Testament conceives it, is not primarily believing something or doing something; it is seeing something. And if any of us be disposed to challenge this view of the matter, here is the clinching final answer: Except a man be born from above, he can not see the kingdom of God. And seeing the kingdom of God is the point at which Christian living begins.—*Richard Roberts, in Zion's Herald.*

* * *

A FAMOUS NOVEL ON EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT

INTERESTING references to the doctrine of everlasting punishment are made by Theodosia Walton in an article on "Veiled Confessions of Margaret Deland" in the *New York Times* Book Review.

A farmer at Kennebunkport, Maine, refused to sell Mr. Deland land for a summer home because his "woman's wrote a book that ain't right." That book was "John Ward, Preacher," and it pilloried the doctrine that some mortals are foreordained to eternal damnation.

Mrs. Deland was asked if she thought the world had broadened a great deal since "John Ward" was published. She replied that it was either that, or there was more indifference. She believes, if there is less of theological belief in the world, it is because ethics have come to the front. The attitude now is "I don't care what your belief is, so long as you behave yourself." For herself, though the Shorter Catechism is in her blood, as she confesses with R. L. S., she writes her novels with this text of Kant ever in her mind: "No one must do that which, if done by all, would destroy society."

Mrs. Deland herself says no one would be interested in such a book now; it would bore people to death. But in 1888, when it was published, eternal damnation was a "burning issue." She had no idea when she wrote the novel of the hornets' nest she would stir up, and her first inkling of it was a protest from Orthodox relatives in Western Pennsylvania to whom she had mentioned the plot. They begged her to recall the book before it

s put on the market, as it would mean disgrace to all of them t were published. Mrs. Deland had no desire to disgrace her nily, it had never occurred to her that the book was wrong, her a being merely to show the wicked irritationality of crediting ernal righteousness with so hideous a doctrine as everlasting mnation. So she asked the advice of Phillips Brooks, afterrd Bishop of Massachusetts, and a personal friend. Should e let the book be printed or should she stop its publication?

"Is there anything in your book which makes wickedness ractive?" he asked.

"No."

"Then publish it," was Brooks's decision.

So "John Ward, Preacher "appeared; it stirred the country, t the author from her friends, and branded her "an undesirable izen." She was denounced in a religious magazine as "a urrilous liar and libeler." She was preached at from pulpits over the country. The kindest of her relatives advised her to ep on writing her "pretty little pieces of poetry "and not try mething about which she knew nothing! But some of them, eling disgraced by the book, refused to have anything to do th her. She received letters by the hundred—all denunciatory from all sorts and conditions of men and women. Gladstone as one of those who wrote, but he wrote in warm approval.

Yet now, no one would get excited about "John Ward, reacher." The question of the possibility of God's damning ny of His children forever is no longer even discussed. In 888, however, it was deemed especially significant of the degavity to whch the world was coming that, within three months, ree women in three different countries had written books tacking the doctrines of the Church. The other two books ere Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere" and Olive chreiner's "The Story of an African Farm."

* * *

HE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION OF MICHIGAN

The Rev. William Couden

The seventy-ninth session of the Universalist Convention Michigan was held in the fine old parish church at Concord, ne of the state's beauty spots, on Oct. 16 and 17. The reports om the different parishes were most inspiring, and as samples e give the following items: Detroit parish is financially sound nd never more harmonious and active than at present; Liberty joices in the new bell and regular services; Lansing received large ingathering of new members; at Grand Rapids the way clearing up for permanent activities toward reviving our work ere; and Farmington continues its progress with a fine new arsonage all paid for and plans looking to more efficient parish quipment.

The occasional sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. B. eresford, D. D., of Farmington, and was a masterpiece of eloquence and insight and power. The presence of the Rev. anley Manning, who addressed the young people, was an inpiration. Two notable addresses were delivered the last evening, y the Rev. L. R. Robinson, Mid-West Superintendent, and the ev. L. Ward Brigham, D. D., of St. Paul's Church, Chicago. he high-water mark of enthusiasm followed the address of the ev. Hannah Jewett Powell of our North Carolina mountain ork at Inman's Chapel in Pigeon River Valley. Her story, mply told, and her vision of faith and service moved the large udience who listened to her with emotion and consecration.

These Michigan Universalists maintain two very charming stoms in connection with their gatherings. One is a Fellowship upper. This year under the efficient management of the Conord ladies the affair was most dainty and beautiful. And the ter-dinner speeches, directed by the sparkling wit of the Rev. harles F. Patterson of Detroit, our Convention president, were illiant and happy in the extreme.

The other feature is a memorial service in connection with e celebration of holy communion, when a representative from ch parish speaks a loving word of appreciation for each faithful ember who since the previous Convention has entered into verlasting Life. Among those thus mentioned this year the following names have more than parochial interest: Mrs. W. H. Holmes of Grand Ledge, wife of our vice-president; Mrs. William Parker and Dr. David Inglis of Detroit; Mrs. Frances Skinner of Onsted, a daughter of our Michigan pioneer preacher, Father Wooden; and Mrs. Mary E. Reynolds of Concord, who remembered her church in her will. Resolutions honoring the memory of the late Rev. H. N. Couden, D. D., Chaplain of the House of Representatives, once a member of this Convention, were adopted.

Among the matters of business disposed of the following items perhaps may claim most importance: A revision of the Constitution making for greater efficiency; a beginning toward closer affiliation and possible amalgamation with the Ontario Convention; plans adopted looking to a share in the helpful services of our Mid-West Superintendent, the Rev. L. R. Robinson, and for a representative of the General Sunday School Association to make a pilgrimage of instruction and inspiration among us.

The report of our treasurer, W. L. Snyder, revealed not only good financial condition but also that in him we have an ideal steward of the property of our Church in this state.

Officers for the ensuing year: President, Rev. Charles F. Patterson, Detroit; vice-president, W. H. Holmes, Grand Ledge; secretary, W. L. Snyder, Detroit; members of the Executive Board, Miss Ada F. Safford, Coldwater, La Dow Kennedy, Jackson, Rev. G. H. Ashworth, Lansing. Committee of Fellowship, Rev. G. H. Ashworth, W. L. Snyder, Rev. A. B. Beresford, D. D., Farmington. Next place of meeting, Detroit.

It was an unusually well attended Convention, fuller delegations and a larger number of visitors being present than in many years. The church was well filled at every session and on several occasions the capacity of the building was taxed to its utmost. The president of the Common Council and Village of Concord, Frank N. Aldrich, in his welcoming address pledged the town and parish to friendly hospitality and certainly this pledge was amply fulfilled.

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THE REV. TOM ROSCOE

After several years of invalidism and many months of great suffering, release came, on Oct. 10, to the Rev. Tom Roscoe, at the home of his son Albert in Medford, Mass. Mr. Roscoe was born in Corby, Northamptonshire, England, July 21, 1850, the son of William and Elizabeth (Tilly) Roscoe. His early life was spent in England. In 1885 he removed with his family to America, residing in the early years in Chelsea, Boston, and Somerville. He studied at the Vermont Medical College at Rutland, and received the degree of M. D. from that institution. Later he took up the study of theology in Tufts Theological School, graduating in the class of 1895, being ordained at Tufts in June of that year. His first pastorate was at Rochester, Vt., afterward in Enfield, N. H., Westmoreland, N. H., and Machias, Maine. He removed to Cohasset in the town of Norwell, Mass., where his last days were spent before coming to Medford.

On July 28, 1872, he was married to Elizabeth Sykes, who survives him, also three children—Florence, wife of Oren D. Fisher of North Stonington, Conn., Albert, manager of the Massachusetts Bible Society of Bromfield Street, Boston, and Gertrude, wife of Elmer W. Coe of Wolcott, Conn.—and several grandchildren.

Mr. Roscoe had a pleasing personality, a keen sense of humor, a marvelous understanding of character. He was greatly loved and respected in the several parishes where he ministered, for he was a good minister of Jesus Christ. He brought to his work a fine scholarship, a love for his fellow man and an earnest desire to better human life. The world has been made better by his ministry. We rejoice in his entrance into the life triumphant and eternal.

Funeral services were held at the home of his son Friday, Oct. 1, attended by his friend and fellow minister, the Rev. Stanley G. Spear of the Buena Vista St. Church, Roxbury, assisted by the Rev. D. Harold Hickey of the Methodist Church of Medford. Burial was in Oak Grove Cemetery, Medford.

S. G. S.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poem to be printed i tl is department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

RICHES

Lord, I would tarry here awhile apart,
To pray the prayer Thy servant prayed of old:
"Give me not power nor fame nor wealth untold,
But give me, Lord, an understanding heart,
That treasure-trove worth more than Eastern mart,
Fairer than jeweled prize or gleam of gold,
A spirit sympathetic, gallant, bold,—
Yea, give me, Lord, an understanding heart."

If that be mine, a gracious gift from Thee,
Then have I fadeless wealth, a goodly store;
Laughter and love my portion, more and more,
Fulness of friendship, peace; that highest art
Which weaves of complex life a harmony,
The fruitage of the understanding heart.

Mary E. Pike.

THE PEBBLE AND THE POOL

Ada Murray Felt

ALICIA DERWENT'S great-aunt Fanny had arrived at Willston to stay a short time with her grand-niece and her husband, who were newly married, and had lived in that city but a short time.

"Have you pleasant neighbors?" the elder lady inquired the morning after her arrival, looking up from the fruit she was preparing for pies.

"I don't know whether they are pleasant or not; not one of them has called, nor even smiled at me."

"You go to church, I suppose; do you like the preaching? And have you made many acquaintances?"

"We've been to church ever since we've been here—four months. We like the sermons, but not one person has spoken to us. They act like the worst stuck-up things. If Louis wasn't the best husband that ever was I should have died of homesickness since I've lived here—just simply died, Aunt Fanny. If this state of things continues I don't know what I *shall do.*" Tears actually stood in her eyes, and she rolled her piecrust with unnecessary vigor.

"You made yourself known to the minister, of course, told him where you lived, here in town, and asked him to call?"

"Why, no. If he wants to know who we are he can find out, I imagine. There we sit, in the same pew every Sunday."

The old lady said no more on the subject. The next day when they arrived at church the service had just begun and they slipped into their seats by means of a convenient side door. It was a large church and well filled.

A the benediction had been pronounced the congregation promptly turned its back on the preacher and moved slowly toward the exit. Louis and Alicia were about to follow the example of the other worshipers and hurry out the door by which they had entered. Not so Aunt Fanny. She smiled and sa "Good morning" to their seatmates in the other h of the pew, and followed them till she came to t middle aisle; then, turning towards the pulpit, s stemmed the outgoing tide of people, slowly maki her way to the front of the church. Here stood t minister, alone except for a young couple with wh he was talking. As these people turned away Au Fanny stepped forward, hand outstretched.

"Your sermon did me good," she declared. I am glad you believe in the practise of the homely ol fashioned virtues. I am Miss Frances Worcester f Long Meadow, visiting my grand-niece and her hu band." She turned and presented Louis and Alic who had managed to keep close behind their vigoro though elderly relative. "They are comparative newcomers in town, but have been regular atten ants at this church ever since their arrival, four mont ago, and are anxious to enter into its activities she concluded.

The clergyman shook hands cordially. "Dea dear! how glad I am to hear that statement, and make their acquaintance," he exclaimed. "There w another young couple—ah, there they are, no Excuse me just one minute; I'll be right back." H hastened after the lady and gentleman with whom had been occupied when Miss Worcester had broug her little party up to him, soon returning accor panied not only by them but by a lad of about si teen, who proved to be one of the ushers.

"Here are Mr. and Mrs. Somersworth—mo newcomers in town," the minister stated, introducir them. "I have a fellow-feeling for you," he went o "for I have been here but a half-year, myself, and t faces of my parishioners are not familiar to me as ye If they would only be careful to wear the same cloa and hats," he continued whimsically, "I shou be much helped in my efforts; but they change wi each season, and many of them I have almost failed t recognize in their different garments."

"Now my young helper, Alvin Rockwood," h put his arm across the shoulder of the lad beside hin "will show you young folks over our Sunday scho rooms and the annex for social work, and will explai about them. Your aunt will give me your addres I'm sure," he brought forth a notebook. "My wi and I will give ourselves the pleasure of calling ver soon. Ah, here she is now." Then there were mo introductions. The younger people went away with th usher, while Miss Worcester remained in intereste conversation with the minister and his wife. In few minutes Alicia returned, her face alight wit interest.

"Oh, Auntie," she exclaimed, "they are short teachers in the Infants' Department, and I'm goin to stay and help. They were so glad that I was trained kindergartner. That other couple," she mo tioned towards the Sunday school rooms, "seem re pleasant. They have just come to Willston. I'v promised that you and I will call on them this wee They have gone, now, into a class where they have th history of the early Church. Will you stay, or sha Louis come and take you home?"

"I'll go home, I think, and lie down a while, if 1'll give me a key to get in with. But I don't nt Louis to come. When you arrive I'll have din- on the table—or ready to take up."

At the dinner table both Alicia and Louis talked matedly about their experiences in Sunday school. he children were just dears," declared the former. hat Rockwood boy brought his mother up and esented me, and I was introduced to a number of ıer ladies, too. I quite look forward to going next nday, and being able to smile and bow to a woman two. It almost seems as if I *belonged*, already. course I love Louis to distraction"—she jumped m her seat and ran round the table to drop a kiss the top of his head—"but after all he is just a man."

"Merely a man," murmured her husband, in- rupting laughingly and blowing her a kiss.

"And I have known so *many* girls and boys and their people, at home—" she left the rest of the ought unexpressed.

"I was beginning to fear I had been *too* selfish," id Louis, "to bring Alicia so far from every one she ıew—"

"Not a bit; not a bit," broke in his young wife.

"When a girl has spent her life in a town full of ely young people, as Alicia has, it must be hard to dropped into what appears to be a social desert," marked the elder lady. "But perhaps the desert ırt may be only a mirage. It makes me think of a ory I once read." All three people laughed out ddenly, for there was seldom an experience that did ot cause Aunt Fanny to think of a story. The ung couple begged her to relate it.

"It's just a short one. There was once a gentle- an—I'll call him Mr. Vaughan—who went to live in strange city. He hired a pew in a church, and ınday after Sunday occupied his seat to the end of ıe services, then returned to his home; but no one oke to him, or tried to make him feel welcome in ıe church of his choice.

"Morning after morning he lingered, wistfully oking about him before he turned away and left the uilding. At last he had been a regular attendant ere for nearly a year, and one Sabbath morning he ecided that if nobody spoke to him after church that ay he would never go there again.

"The benediction was pronounced; the organ urst forth in glorious sounds; our friend, with a glance out, took up his hat and started to leave the edifice, hen a gentleman who had sat in front of him turned round and stretched forth his hand. 'Good morn- g,' he said cordially; 'I am glad to see you here to- ay.'

"Mr. Vaughan was so astonished that he could arcely return the man's greeting. 'How did you appen to speak to me this morning?' he asked, cling- g to the stranger's hand with both his own.

" 'Well,' replied the other, 'I have attended this urch for nearly a year and no one has spoken to me -not one. I made up my mind that if nobody reeted me here, to-day, I should offer my hand and y good morning to the person nearest to me; and ou are the one. I hope you are not offended.'

" 'Offended!' replied our friend, 'I am delighted. *ou* have pursued the right course.' He took the other's arm, and on their homeward way explained the reason for his delight." Aunt Fanny's voice ceased. The eyes of her two listeners met across the table.

"Seems simple, doesn't it, Alicia? I suppose we might have spoken to those folks in the other half of our pew. They seemed pleased as Punch when Aunt Fanny said good morning to them," remarked Louis.

(*To be concluded.*)

* * *

IN A VACANT LOT

Tin cans and tangled wire and broken glass
  And sodden pasteboard boxes all around;
A dingy, desolate, unvalued mass,
  Flung on the patient ground
As if an evil conclave had devised
  In dour, satiric mood both low and mean
This grimy, cheerless show of things unprized;
  Yet see—that springing green!

Here, there and all around it seeks the light
  From every crevice left to sun and air!
And look—the blossoms debonair and bright
  That all this dolor dare,
Chicory, yarrow, tansy—dewy-fresh!
  See little fluffy grasses make their way!
And, oh, up through that tangled wire's mesh
  Pink clover fair as May!

Crowd Beauty out, and even as she goes
  She plans return. Through cranny and through crack,
Careless of hurt, reserves or pique or pose,
  Still she comes creeping back,
She, so supremely fit at haughty height
  In power and majesty to ride!
Ah, Beauty, this thy secret, this thy might:
  Divine, thou hast no pride!

Minnie Leona Upton, in Youth's Companion.

* * *

STUNG

The candors of the brethren are illuminating. An American evangelist was engaged by a church for a week's special mission. On his arrival he went to see the minister. "What sort of church have you here?" he inquired.

"Well," replied the pastor, "I am afraid things are pretty bad. The people are worldly and careless, the congregations are small, there is no interest in missions, no one comes to a prayer-meeting, dances and card parties go on all through the week, and the people are indifferent to the claims of religion."

"Well," sneered the evangelist, "if I had a church with members like that, I'd go out and hire a yellow dog to bite 'em."

"Yes," said the minister, "that's what we've done."—*The Christian Register.*

* * *

FUNNY HOW THINGS GROW

Three men, an Irishman, a Swede and a Hebrew, were brought to court. The Hebrew was arrested for stealing a cow; the Swede for stealing a horse, and the Irishman for stealing a wagon.

"Well," said the judge, turning to the Hebrew, "where did you get the cow?"

"I've had it since it was a calf," was the reply.

"Where did you get the horse?" he asked the Swede.

"I've had it since it was a colt," replied the Swede.

"And, Patrick, where did you get the wagon?"

"Oh, your Honor, I've had it since it was n wheelbarrow."—*Exchange.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

A Minister of Grace. By Margaret Widdemer. $1.75.

Dr. Andrew Blanton is a kindly, gentle, whimsical old clergyman who has a pocket full of books, a heart full of love for everybody, to whom he is Uncle Andrew, and a mind full of wisdom and understanding born of long experience with faulty human nature.

So in these nine stories he assists in solving nine problems—whether Arden Garrison shall continue in his profession; whether Andrew Anthony is fitted for the ministry; wakening Silence Everington from ancestor worship; saving Malcolm Shore in his moment of revolt; revealing Michael Polokoff's wrong ideas to Elsa; bringing back Eileen Gray's memory; explaining to Cecilia that Lawrence is not indifferent; of warning Valla; and breaking the spell that was killing Lucia Morgan.

Judith of the Godless Valley. By Honore Willsie. $2.00.

Good old New England stock went to the settling of this valley, but many changes can take place in three generations—and now there has not been a sermon in ten years, and faith is an unknown quantity.

But Douglas Spencer is different. He has high ideals and inherited leadership—as Peter says, "You came of stock that lived and died by a spiritual idea and you're going to be unhappy till you find one."

He loves Judith, a vivid, fearless girl who is imbibing false notions from Inez; but she comes to herself; and together they plan for a church with Mr. Fowler as minister, and making Lost Chief Valley what Grandfather Douglas meant it to be.

Babbitt. By Sinclair Lewis. $2.00.

The manager is in such haste that he rings up the curtain when his leading man is "beginning to awaken on the sleeping-porch," and we are compelled to observe the stages of his awakening, likewise his dressing—even "the brisk and scratchy sound of combing hairs out of a stiff brush" is heard. The victim has as little privacy as in Japan—and the audience is far more numerous!

George F. Babbitt is forty-six, his large head pink, his brown hair thin and dry, he is unromantically married to Myra, he has two daughters, Verena and Katherine, and a son Theodore, he lives in a Dutch Colonial house on Floral Heights, Zenith, done by a decorator in a job-lot fashion, he is a Booster, a Presbyterian, an Elk, and by "profession" a "realtor"—in plain English a real-estate broker. And he indulges in some adventures not strictly in the line of business, and Myra opportunely has acute appendicitis. *Voila tout!*

This scoffing scribe should be put on rations of bread and water until he writes a book of less hateful atmosphere than "Babbitt" and "Main Street."

The Shorn Lamb. By Emma Speed Sampson. $1.75.

Rebecca Taylor, bereft of the last of her "steps," has left the shabby studio in New York, of which she seemed to be a part, like the gas range or the cat, and is journeying alone, uncertain of her welcome, to her grandfather in Virginia.

She has the upper berth in the sleeper, and Philip Bolling courteously offers to change, but she declines except for saying her prayers—she doesn't see how you kneel in an upper! Philip is also on his way to Rocky Ford to give to the farm four years in exchange for those spent in college.

Becky finds her grandfather devoted to her, and the darkies from old Aunt Peachy to Aunt Testy in the kitchen—daughter of Aunt Old Testament, now dead—adore her. So we leave her growing up in a real home, among her own people.

Foursquare. By Grace S. Richmond. $1.75.

"Foursquare" is the title of a modest brown book of talks to classes by Mark Fenn, Professor of Psychology at Newcomb College, but it describes the man himself, who is a tower of strength and always stands by.

His father and Mary Fletcher's father were like David and Jonathan, but when Mary comes back from France to stay with her aunt, Miss Graham, next door, they do not seem to get on. Mary goes to New York to write a book at the instigation of John Kirkwood, an editor; but something shows her that she is on the wrong road, and she gratefully comes back to the serene country town and finds high occupation, several splendid friends, and, above all, her best self and happiness.

The Man Who Lived in a Shoe. By Henry James Forman. $1.90.

Randolph Byrd is a bachelor bibliophile, engaged to Gertrude Bayard, a selfish society girl. Impossible, you say. Quite so; and a fortnight before the day planned for their marriage his sister, Mrs. Pendleton, dies, and her three children are henceforth his. The oldest is Randolph, the second Laura, like her mother, and the youngest Jimmie, an adorable scrap who has not yet mastered the letter r, says "we men" loftily, and insists on saying his prayers to Uncle Ranny. There is also Alicia, a mother's helper from an orphan asylum, who is—well, Alicia!

Uncle Ranny no longer sits comfortably in his library—he gets out into the game of business to earn money for his family, and through what seems to him a series of upheavals the children and Alicia make a new man of him. That is the story, an delightful one, with just the right end

Abbe Pierre. By Jay William Hud $2.00.

Abbe Pierre tells the story of the l that blossomed in the heart of David W a young American who has come to lo Gascony with his invalid sister, for C maine Sance, a Gascon maid, and triumph over the many difficulties c tering about it, so that there is a ha wedding.

But he tells us much more—of the in the little villages, the peasants clat ing along in their sabots, the silvery chu bells, his own wise views of life from sunset balcony, and reveals his kindly s It is altogether charming,—a book which we go back again and again.

Memories of a Hostess. A Chronicle Eminent Friendships Drawn Chi from the Diaries of Mrs. James T. Fie By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Illustrat $4.00.

James T. Fields, publisher and friend many notable writers, brought his br of twenty to the house at 148 Char Street, Boston, where she dwelt for si years, outliving Sarah Orne Jewett, w after Mr. Fields' death came to be a sis hostess, and keeping in "that green assse bling-place of books, pictures, music, p sons, associations," overlooking the riv the atmosphere of old Boston, amid changed and alien environment.

The days of Longfellow, Holmes, Wh tier, Lowell, Hawthorne, Dickens, co no more; but the fragrance of that ti lives for us again in the extracts from diar and papers bearing the impress of t gracious personality.

The Boy Who Lived in Pudding La By Sarah W. Addington. Illustrat by Gertrude A. Kay. $2.50.

Why, here is the biography of Sa Claus—we thought he was an old m forever'n ever, didn't we?

Mr. Claus was a baker, and lived betwe the butcher and the candlestick-mak and he made won-der-ful things—lit cake puppies, for instance, with re currant eyes. Don't you feel your mou water! And Mother? She was ju Mother—we can't say anything nic And there were two pairs of twin brothe Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John.

Santa gave away so many cookies a tarts that Mr. Claus was dismayed, a kept the children from running after t Pied Piper by making toys for them. Ki Cole heard of it, and set him up in busin in the North Country, and there he h been ever since with Mrs. Santa, maki toys for boys and girls and grown-ups not too grown-uppy, and saying "Mer Christmas to you all, my dears!"

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

'ov. 5. Morning and evening, Liver- e Falls, Me. Afternoon, North Jay. 'ov. 19. Morning, Goddard Chapel, ts College. Evening, Milford, Mass. ec. 1-3. New York Y. P. C. U. Con- ion, Cortland.

* *

OTHER BROOKS IS COMING

he State Superintendent of Texas, wn throughout the Y. P. C. U. as ther Brooks, is to make a northern trip ing the month of January, visiting rches and Unions, and telling of the k being done in the Lone Star State, home mission field of the Young Peo- s Christian Union.

'he arrangement of his itinerary is now er way, and announcement of some of dates will be made within two or three ks. Churches or Unions desiring to r him should correspond with the ector of Young People's Work at once. ll who heard Brother Brooks at the ieral Convention in Baltimore will want ear him again on his trip north.

More about Texas

'he Young People's Christian Union is ing a booklet telling the story of Uni- salism in Texas, past and present, de- ied as a brief course in home-mission ly for use in the Unions during Novem- . However, it will be of interest, not y to members of the Union, but to all desire a better acquaintance with the k of our Church in the South. The klet will be on sale at Y. P. C. U. head- rters and at the Western Office.

'he publication of this booklet and ther Brooks' trip are parts of a cam- gn of missionary education designed to n a generation of missionary-minded iversalists who will continue to success task already begun, making ours a rld Church for World Service.

* *

ON READING THE BIBLE

'hree times lately I have heard the le read in a way that suggested that reader understood what was being read l thought that others could understand lso.

One of these three times was when Mary rnard, of the Church of the Redeemer in nneapolis, read it at one of the vesper vices at the Worcester Convention. other was on Sunday morning at rcester, when Rev. John Edwin Price Cincinnati read the Scripture lesson. e third was the time I attended the vice of the First Christian Science urch in Boston.

Too often the reading of the Bible in rch or Sunday school or Y. P. C. U. or ewhere is merely a part of "the opening rcises," to use the phrase which Dr. ntley and other right-thinking Sunday ool workers abominate, or of "the preliminaries," as some ministers refer to them.

If the Bible is read merely because it is customary, just because in the evolution of the church service there is a place to say, "Here beginneth the morning lesson," it will be read as a formality, without thought, without purpose, without meaning, without value, except as the great words and phrases are so great as to overcome the handicap of poor or no interpretation.

When I was a student in Ryder Divinity School I had two instructors who impressed upon me the value of reading the Bible with understanding. One of them was Amanda Kidder, instructor in public speaking, and as a work of supererogation she took us theologs one evening a week and made us read the Bible. She knew that a good piece of work depended upon details, and when some careless one pronounced "spirit" as if it were spelled s-p-i-r-u-t, and another put a "u" in the last syllable of Jerusalem—well, we were given to understand the meaning of the certainty of just retribution for sin. But hers was not a poll-parrot method. She made us read not only with clear enunciation but with understanding as well. We had to know what we were reading about, so that the words were a vehicle of thought, and of our own thought as well as that of the writer.

The other was Rev. Edson Reifsnider, now of Stamford, Conn., my instructor in pastoral care. He told us that he never went into his pulpit without reading out loud beforehand at least once the passage he had chosen for his Scripture lesson, no matter how familiar it might be. I have not always done everything that he and my other teachers told me to do, but at least I have not forgotten everything he said. And if nothing more, I learned from these two teachers who knew how to teach, how to appreciate the reading of the Bible when it is read well.

Sometime, when I am once more the pastor of a church, I am going to read the Bible instead of preaching a sermon. I know it will be good for me, and I am even more certain that the congregation will be profited more than by words of mine.

* *

JOHN RATCLIFF HAS A DAUGHTER

And in the course of human events her father and mother took her to a church supper. This supper, like any sensible meal, was a social treat as well, for "man shall not live by bread alone" has more than one application. And during the social hour John Ratcliff's daughter made friends with her father's flock, as a good minister's daughter should. These good folk, wishing to show their affection, and being limited, as all of us humans are, to material ways of expressing spiritual realities, gave Nadine numerous pennies and nickels, until she had quite a collection, but when she reached home there was only one left of all her treasures. Inquiry into the facts of the case revealed that she had proceeded to share with her little friends her unexpected riches. Some cynic might quote, "Easy come, easy go," but Jesus said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." I wonder if we older and wiser folk give as freely as did this little one of the riches we receive in the church.

* *

THE USES OF ADVERSITY

During the Convention year which closed last June, the Minnesota Y. P. C. U. lost the Legion of the Cross race to Rhode Island by a margin of less than two cents. If the North Star state had contributed two cents more than it did, it would have made the largest per capita gifts to the missionary work of the Union.

The loss of the race by such a ridiculously narrow margin has served as a stimulus to the Unions there, and they have started out this year to give all they can and two cents more. Rhode Island will have to look to its laurels, for Minnesota has taken off its coat and gone to work and commenced to dig.

Stanley Manning .

For the Quiet Hour

All are architects of Fate
  Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
  Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
  Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
  Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
  Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
  Are the blocks with which we build.

Longfellow.

Sin is sin because it is degrading; it is not degrading because it is sin.

Lord Avebury.

Nothing serves better to indicate a man's character than the things which he finds ridiculous.

Goethe.

Many a one, by being thought better than he is, has become better.

Dr. Jowett.

The house of life is built differently from any other; we get the plans by erecting the structure.

Henry F. Cope.

A river is measured by the water it brings to the sea, a fountain by its overflow, a Christian by his helpfulness to others.

Isaac Edwardson.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

WORTH REMEMBERING

"The life and prosperity of the home church depend upon the extent and energy with which she prosecutes her foreign missionary enterprise."—*George F, Pentecost.*

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A STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

"Those who aim at nothing usually hit it." This applies to organizations just as it does to individuals, and the wisdom of setting a definite goal at the beginning of the church year has been demonstrated again and again.

The following is the Standard of Excellence for the Clara Barton Guild for 1922-23. Each number gained counts ten points and the organization successfully meeting every one will be ranked as a 100 per cent Guild.

1. Increase in membership.
2. Increase in missionary interest.
3. Average attendance at meetings of two thirds of the members.
4. At least six meetings during the year devoted to a missionary program, including:
   - An appropriate devotional service with prayer for our missionaries.
   - Use of the current mission study textbook.
5. One open meeting when missions shall be presented by a special program, a pageant, a play, or a speaker.
6. All local membership dues paid by January 1st.

   State and national dues paid by March 1st.
7. Quotas met for Japan and the Clara Barton Memorial.
8. All communications presented to the members at the first meeting following their receipt.
   - All letters promptly answered.
   - Reports sent in when called for.
   - Distribution of all literature received, as requested.
9. At least one member having attended a missionary conference during the year.
10. Half the members having read one missionary book, besides the textbook studied.

The Standard has been made most attractive this year. It is printed on a card 9 x 12, in old English lettering with the familiar Guild insignia at the top. It is suitable for framing or may be placed on the wall of one of the church rooms as it is, thus enabling members to keep track constantly of the way in which they are "measuring up." These Standards are 10 cents apiece and with each one we are sending out a practical leaflet under the caption "How to Attain the Standard of Excellence."

* *

FIELD SECRETARY'S DATES

Miss Andrews, the field secretary, is at present in the South attending the State Conventions in Florida and Alabama and visiting several of our churches in these sections. On her return trip she will spend a few days with our missionaries in North Carolina.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

A SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT

A Further List of Sunday Schools Which Heard the Cry of the Armenian Orphans

We consider that the offering for 1921-1922 was closed Oct. 1, and we now give a list of the additional contributions received before that date. Money now received is credited to the campaign for 1922-1923.

The total offering last year was $8,230.19.

Anoka, Minn	$ 14.40
Akron, Ohio	43.73
A. M. Moore, Moore's Mills, N. B.	2.00
Abington, Mass. (add.)	1.25
Binghamton, N. Y.	8.00
Bangor, Maine	20.00
Brooklyn, N. Y., All Souls	55.10
Brookline, Mass., Miss White	15.00
Bellows Falls, Vt.	31.28
Brewton, Ala.	18.00
Bethel, Maine	10.00
Bristol, N. Y. (adop.)	50.40
Cleveland, Ohio (add.)	2.00
Claremont, N. H.	5.00
Concord, Michigan	34.70
Chicago, Ill., St. Paul's	26.94
Cincinnati, Ohio	20.35
Canton, Maine	13.00
Canton, Mass. (add.)	.50
Canton, N. Y.	16.25
Chester Depot, Vt.	2.10
Chicago, Ill., Redeemer (add.)	4.63
Clarendon, N. Y.	6.85
Dexter, N. Y.	3.63
Derby Line, Vt.	115.00
East Dixfield, Maine	6.90
Eldorado, Ohio	5.00
Everett, Mass.	13.75
Franklin, Mass.	75.00
Felchville, Vt.	12.62
Fitchburg, Mass. (add.)	8.00
Gardiner, Maine	60.00
Gorham, N. H.	9.40
Halifax, N. S. (adop.)	105.00
Horton, Mich.	10.00
Hudson, N. Y.	20.35
Hallowell, Maine	3.50
Kinston, N. C.	[illegible]
Lowell, Mass., Grace	[illegible]
Livermore Falls, Maine	[illegible]
Little Falls, N. Y. (add.)	[illegible]
LaCrosse, Wis.	[illegible]
Lansing, Mich.	[illegible]
Lockport, N. Y.	[illegible]
Macdeon, N. Y.	[illegible]
Milford, Mass.	[illegible]
Markesan, Wis.	[illegible]
Middletown, N. Y.	[illegible]
Muncie, Ind.	[illegible]
Minneapolis, Minn., Tuttle	[illegible]
Marlboro, N. H.	[illegible]
Nashua, N. H.	[illegible]
Norway, Maine	[illegible]
New Madison, Ohio	[illegible]
Norwalk, Ohio	[illegible]
Old Town, Maine	[illegible]
Orange, Mass. (add.)	[illegible]
Pittsfield, Maine	[illegible]
Philadelphia, Penn., Restoration	[illegible]
Pasadena, Cal.	[illegible]
Palmer, Mass.	[illegible]
Portland, Me., Messiah	[illegible]
Pawtucket, R. I. (add.)	[illegible]
Quincy, Mass.	[illegible]
Rochester, N. Y.	[illegible]
Rockland, Maine	[illegible]
Southbridge, Mass.	[illegible]
Salem, Mass.	[illegible]
Syracuse, N. Y. (King's Daughters $10.00)	[illegible]
Swampscott, Mass.	[illegible]
Scranton, Penn.	[illegible]
Tacoma, Wash.	[illegible]
Troy, N. Y. (add.)	[illegible]
Towanda, Penn.	[illegible]
Utica, N. Y.	[illegible]
Victor, N. Y.	[illegible]
Weymouth, Mass.	[illegible]
Woodstock, Ohio	[illegible]
Wausau, Wis. (add.)	[illegible]
Worcester, Mass. (add.)	[illegible]
Watertown, N. Y., All Souls	[illegible]
Watertown, N. Y., All Souls (adop.)	[illegible]
Wilmington, Vt.	[illegible]
	$2,2[illegible]

Sent Direct to New York Offic[illegible]

Boone, Iowa	$ [illegible]
Denver, Col.	[illegible]
Galesburg, Ill.	[illegible]
Kingsley, Penn.	[illegible]
LeRoy, Ohio, Adult Class	[illegible]
Ludlow, Vt.	[illegible]
Medford, Mass.	[illegible]
Monson, Mass.	[illegible]
Providence, R. I., First	[illegible]
Springfield, Mass.	[illegible]
West Gloucester, Mass.	[illegible]
	$1[illegible]

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A GOOD JAPANESE STORY

The story, "A Runaway Patriot," [illegible] pearing on the Family Page of the last [illegible] will be appreciated by teachers who [illegible] telling Japanese stories.

Among Our Churches

Connecticut Letter

The Hartford parish is to entertain the Mid-Year Conference on Wednesday, Nov. 8, 1922, afternoon and evening. An interesting and helpful program has been arranged. In the evening a service memory of Dr. John Coleman Adams be held. Our parishes should all be represented at the Conference. Isolated friends of the faith are sincerely ted to attend. These Conferences are together occasions which make for wship and unity. * * The Superinent and family had the pleasure early eptember of visiting the Stafford parish the evening of the first supper of the on. The loyal workers of this reliable sh served a most bountiful repast to goodly number who were present. Dr. I. Puffer is the able pastor of this flock. At the first meeting of the season of New Haven Women's Missionary ociation six members of the Meriden sh had charge of the literary program the evening. These Meriden friends e among the number from St. Paul's rch who were at Northfield last sum. Splendid papers were read by the ors, Mrs. G. G. Marble, Mrs. F. Bacon, s Lillian Fischer, Miss Emilie Fischer Miss Dorothy Booth, the latter two ing spent the week at Northfield in np Murray. Those who go to North- l return full of enthusiasm and zeal, er to impart to others what they gained e. * * Probably some time during ember the Danbury Church will cele- te the one hundredth anniversary of founding. Due announcement will be le. * * The campaign for the Perin- e Home for Boys in Tokyo and for the morial Church in Washington is on. s to be hoped that each parish in the e will do its part. * * The centennial he Yale Divinity School was held Oct. 25, 1922, in connection with the four- th annual Convocation. This school the largest enrollment in its history, ut 200. Two of the pastors in this state e received the degree of B. D. from this itution. * * A series of World Missions nferences is being held this autumn in eastern and middle states. Hartford selected as the one center in New gland for holding one of the series. Hartford church, as a member of Hartford Council of Churches which charge of the local arrangements, operated in the work. A Church Men's cheon, interdenominational, was held connection with the Conference. State ominational officials were guests. The ter was invited as the representative of Connecticut Universalists. * * Our fford church people will note with sorrow the death of Mrs. Ethel Harmon Conner at Hill, N. H., Sept. 24. They will remember her as Ethel Harmon, daughter of Professor and Mrs. George M. Harmon, and from 1901-1906 a teacher in the Stafford Springs schools. Mrs. Conner died suddenly. The sympathy of Connecticut friends goes out to the bereaved family. * * Dr. and Mrs. Harold Marshall made a brief visit to New Haven recently. Their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Marshall, is a student in the Yale Graduate School. * * The annual supper and church members get-together of St. Paul's Church, Meriden, will be held on Nov. 9. A happy custom adopted some years ago by the Meriden church which makes for a stronger fellowship. * * On Oct. 7, 1922, in New Britain, the Rev. T. A. Fischer married Fred W. Ford, Jr., to Miss Ellen Horsfall. Mr. Ford was brought up in the Medford Hillside, Mass., church, where Mr. Fischer was pastor for seven years before going to New Haven. Mr. Ford is a Tufts graduate and during the war served in France. The newly married couple are to make their home in Methuen, Mass.

Theodore A. Fischer.

Ohio Letter

September and October are Association months in Ohio. From the opening of the Washington Association to the close of the Central-Winchester the last week in October Ohio state workers are kept busy following these annual gatherings which play an especially important part in the denominational life of our Ohio churches. At each Association the Sunday school has been ably represented by the State Sunday School Director, Rev. Almira L. Cheney. Mrs. Gertrude A. Gladwin, president of the W. U. M. A., and Mrs. Norae McCready of Cleveland, Mission Study superintendent, have done splendid work in the interest of the Alliance. The Blanchester Y. P. C. U. is studying about India and at the Ballou Association gave an unusually interesting demonstration of the work of a live Union. After an appeal by Dr. Rowland this Association pledged nearly $100 to the "Ohayo Kindergarten." Montgomery Association raised $55 for a Camp Hill scholarship. Association offerings for the State Ministerial Relief Fund have been good. Attendance has been better than last year and enthusiasm has not been lacking. * * **With the Ministers.**—Rev. E. V. Stevens has resigned at North Olmstead. We are sorry to lose him from the state. Rev. Robert Tipton of Belle Plain, Iowa, will succeed him at North Olmstead. Mr. Tipton comes to us from the Congregational fellowship. Rev. Thomas Chapman, for many years State Superintendent of Kentucky, has accepted a call to the Belpre, Little Hocking, and Frost churches and began his work there Sept. 1. Rev. Harry M. Wright of New York has accepted a call to Kent and will move to Ohio at an early date. Ohio has a hearty welcome for these men. * * **Akron.**—This church remained open all summer. Mr. Baner took but a brief vacation and the pulpit was supplied during his absence. Miss Ruth Owens, president of the Ohio Y. P. C. U., has been engaged as pastor's assistant. Excellent congregations are the rule and the various auxiliaries are entering upon the fall work with zest. * * **Bryan.**—The congregations are growing in number and interest, a Sunday school has been started and a Chapter of Comrades organized with about forty charter members. At a union service 114 came from Lyons and eleven from Stryker. Dinner was served in the church and so unexpected was the large number that many of the Bryan folk had to go home to eat. Seven members were received. "Bryan is dead," so has run the report. It must be some one was misinformed. * * **Cincinnati.**—Rev. John Edwin Price has already won his way into the affection of his parishioners. The Minister's Cabinet met early in September and mapped out a program for a year. Nearly 2,000 pieces of advertising are being put out each week and an aggressive campaign for new members and friends is being conducted. The annual Get-Together Supper was held Sept. 22. * * **Cleveland.**—The fall work opens very auspiciously. Mr. Dix has the loyal support and hearty cooperation of his people and the last year has shown a marked advance in all departments. The Sunday school is one of the best in the state and is the especial care and pride of its superintendent, Albert H. Homans, president of the state Sunday School Association. * * **Columbus.**—Splendid audiences are greeting the pastor each Sunday at the Church of the Golden Rule. The Comrades have resumed their regular meetings and have had as speakers the State Librarian and the Chaplain of the State Penitentiary. Oct. 12 the Clara Barton Guild presented a pageant of the Life and Work of Clara Barton. Mr. Alden has just finished a series of five sermons on "Divine Childhood." Sunday morning, Oct. 15, he presented some angles of the wonderful work of Dr. Albert Abrams of San Francisco, while W. O. Jameson, president of the Ohio Convention, told of the remarkable demonstration he witnessed in the class room of Dr. Francis Cave of Boston, a disciple of Dr. Abrams. * * **Eaton.**—About $1,500 has been spent on repairs during the past summer. The brick walls have been stuccoed and the church is now one of the most attractive in town. It was rededicated free of debt during the

Miami Association, which met in Eaton Oct. 13-15. The pastor, Rev. Thomas M. Murray, is happy over the accomplishment. * * **Eldorado.**—Eldorado entertained the Montgomery Association Oct. 6-8. The interior of this church has been beautifully redecorated at a cost of several hundred dollars. * * **Lyons.**—Two new members were received recently. The pastor has organized a chapter of Universalist Comrades and a troop of Boy Scouts with thirty-eight charter members. Stanley Manning, Director of Young People's Work, was a recent visitor and a new Union of fifteen members was organized. * * **Mt. Gilead.**—Union services were held during July and August. Rev. Sara L. Stoner preached in the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, while the Universalist church was host on two Sunday evenings. * * **Norwalk.**—Sept. 1 Rev. W. W. Betts completed his first year at Norwalk and Attica. Norwalk has arranged for his entire time the coming year, and the Norwalk correspondent writes that "with the present interest continuing marked progress in all lines may be expected." Plans are being laid for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary Dec. 15. * * **Milford and Montgomery** have opened for regular services and are being supplied by Rev. John E. Price of Cincinnati. * * **LeRoy.**—Extensive repairs under way. * * **Olive Branch** for the first time in many years has had regular services. Lucius Garner, a St. Lawrence student, spent the summer there and made a big place for himself in the affection of the people. The Sunday school and the Alliance took on new life and a new Union was organized.

Isaac V. Lobdell.

Church News and Interests

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,821
St. Johnsbury, Vt.	2
Total	1,823

PERSONAL

The Rev. Harold H. Niles of Concord, N. H., has declined a call to become successor to the late Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D., of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Niles has expressed the conviction that his work in Concord still needs him and that Hartford at this juncture needs some other man. A call to succeed Dr. Adams is a high honor.

Mrs. Henry Noble Couden, widow of Chaplain Couden, has broken up her home in Washington and gone to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Fayette Dickinson Couden, 2010 North 82d St., Seattle, Washington. Mr. Couden, a son of the Chaplain, is a successful practising lawyer in Seattle. Mrs. Couden, his wife, was from Lewiston, Me.

District of Columbia

Washington.—Preachers since the church opened on Sept. 10 have been Rev. Henry A. Abbott, Rev. Hal T. Kearns, of Bridgeport, Ct., Rev. Helene Ulrich of New York, Rev. W. W. Rose of Rochester, Rev. C. E. Rice, D. D., of Springfield, Mass., and Rev. G. D. Walker, State Superintendent of New York. All of these ministers have given helpful and uplifting messages. Dr. van Schaick has continued to assist at the services and carry on parish work.

Indiana

Milan.—This society will hold a bazar Nov. 29. Please send fancy articles to Miss Dora Truitt, clerk.

Maine

Machias.—Rev. Paul Weller, pastor. This is the only Universalist church east of Bangor except the Union church at Calais. The pastor is at present supplying a community church at Jonesboro, eight miles west of us. The Unitarians are restoring the old church at Addison and Mr. Weller has supplied there four Sundays this summer. A Mr. Sanderson has charge of the work and has occupied the pulpit several Sundays. The Machias church distributes Universalist literature to a good proportion of the students of the Washington Normal School who never have heard of Universalism.

Massachusetts

Gloucester.—Rev. John Clarence Lee, D. D., pastor. Regular Sunday services were held throughout the summer. There is much enthusiasm along the North Shore for this historic first Universalist church. The congregations have been large, even during the summer. While the pastor was away on his vacation, the pulpit was supplied by Rev. E. C. Downey, Rev. John van Schaick, D. D., Rev. Frederick M. Eliot and Rev. Arthur E. Wilson, all being heard with deep interest. The Sargent-Murray-Gilman house, the home from 1788 to 1793 of John and Judith Sargent Murray, was thronged with visitors throughout the season. Dr. Lee gave the prayer for the opening of the Massachusetts Convention of Nurses. The Ladies' Society, Mrs. Clifford Corliss chairman, catered for three hundred people at an afternoon tea for the convention. The Harvest Supper, Mrs. W. D. Corliss chairman, occurred Oct. 25, preceded by a meeting of the Ladies' Society. The Chapin Guild has held a series of enjoyable outings, the last one at the beautiful Andrews farm in Essex. National Laymen's Sunday was observed Oct. 22 with great success. A large number of men attended, and the ladies were present in an even larger number. The entire service was conducted by laymen. The opening exercises and responsive reading of the Psalm were rendered by Epes W. Merchant. The Scripture reading was by Fitz J. Babson. Prayer was offered by Harold W. Bibb. The sermon was delivered by John Thons, representative in the legislature. On the same day, Rally Sunday was celebrated in the church school, under the direction of the superintendent, Miss Helen W. R. There was a greatly increased attendance and a live program was given, with special attention to the mission work of the school.

Leominster.—Rev. Isabella S. Macd, pastor. Laymen's Day was observed in accordance with plans sent from Headquarters. Seven men participated in the morning service and the minister sat in silence in the pew. The service was dignified and impressive. The people were pleased that the men responded so willingly to the call of the minister and the Comrades. In the Sunday school the instruction on the Japan Mission is in progress, different members presenting stories from week to week in preparation for the offering which the church will make on Japan Sunday. A fine program is arranged for the social activities of the school for the season, beginning with a Hallowe'en Party. A committee from the Ladies' Circle is raising funds for the repairs which have already been begun in the church edifice.

Framingham.—Rev. H. L. Thornton, pastor. Rally Day was observed Sunday, Oct. 15. The minister preached a special sermon on "The Need of a Universalist Church in Framingham." A large congregation was present at all services and the offerings were large in each department. Sunday, Oct. 22, was observed as "Men's Day." The morning service was in charge of laymen. C. A. Dunlap read the opening service, B. A. Merriam led in the responsive service, Rev. Fred A. Moey offered the prayer, and Granville Hicks, editor of *Onward*, gave the sermon, on "The Future of the Church." We have a good working Bible school under the direction of Chester A. Dunlap, a growing Y. P. C. U. under the leadership of Miss Harriet Flagg, and a Junior Union second to none in the state under the leadership of Miss Susie Hastings. We also have a wide awake Ladies' Association under the care of Mrs. Foster R. Wheeler, Mrs. James Flagg and Mrs. J. A. Flanders, directors. They have plans under way for a great fair early in December.

Charlestown.—Rev. Roger F. Etz, pastor. Laymen's Sunday was observed with men of the parish taking all parts in the morning service. The address was given by Mr. Thomas B. Hall. It was a very interesting study of the place and value of the Psalms in human life. Others taking part were Earl Turner, Elerson Harris, Charles F. Brown, Edwin Archer, C. L. Turner. The Starr King Social Club started its regular monthly meetings Oct. 5 with a large attendance at supper, and entertainment followed.

Newtonville.—Rev. Clifford D. Newton, pastor. The fiftieth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of the chu

was observed Sunday, Oct. 22. The sermon at the morning service was by Dr. Lowe, the General Superintendent. At 5.30 a reception was given to former pastors, non-resident members and friends. At the evening service a brief history of the society was given by the moderator, W. H. Zoller, the mayor, Hon. Edwin O. Childs, made an address, and Rev. Albert Hammatt of Springfield, a former pastor, spoke briefly. The sermon was by another former pastor, Rev. S. G. Dunham of Providence. Messages were read from the following former pastors: Rev. Rufus H. Dix of Cleveland, Ohio, Rev. Ira A. Priest of Belmont, Vt., and Rev. C. Ellwood Nash, D. D., of Los Angeles, Cal. The music, which was arranged by the organist, Miss L. Marguerite Stiles, was furnished by the church quartet, and by Charles S. Goddard, who played a violin solo at the evening service. The Men's Club opened its season for 1922-1923 Thursday evening, Oct. 26, with a bang. The affair was in the form of a Ladies' Night with a banquet provided by the men. The guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. Charles Conklin, Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt of Waltham, and Mr. Frank L. Barnes of the Massachusetts State Convention. The parish house was beautifully decorated with Hallowe'en effects and the noise was produced by about all of the noise producing toys that have been invented. There were about eighty at the tables, with Mr. Lewis P. Everett, president of the club, acting as toastmaster. The affair was pronounced a "howling" success by all present.

Melrose.—Rev. L. L. Lewis, pastor. This parish is increasing in size and interest. Congregations are growing larger and new families constantly being added to the parish list. The new Director of Young People's Activities, Rev. P. N. Caven of Boston University, has taken charge of the church school and already there are indications that the membership is to be considerably increased. The Sunday evening illustrated lectures that have been so successful for the past two years, filling the church, are to be resumed in November. During vacation a new roof was placed in the church building and now the painters are at work. These improvements, costing about $3,000 (all paid for), will be followed by interior decorations and the organ is to be overhauled and put in first class condition. The Melrose church, one of the most influential in the city, will soon be one of the most attractive. We propose to have every seat filled for Sunday morning service.

Taunton.—Rev. E. W. Whitney, pastor. By the will of the late Henry W. Colby, a legacy of $1,000 is given to the First Universalist Church of Taunton. For many years he was a prominent merchant, a man of great energy and foresight, deeply interested in public affairs. While health and strength permitted he was an attendant of the Universalist church, and for some years a teacher in the Sunday school. A generous supporter of the church, he was deeply interested in its welfare and prosperity.

New Hampshire

Nashua.—Rev. W. H. Morrison, D. D., pastor. The church here opens well after the vacation. During this summer the kitchen has been repaired and painted under the auspices of the Men's Club and the Howard Circle. Rally Sunday, upstairs and down, was a success in every way. A very successful rummage sale has just been held by the Howard Circle. Sunday, Oct. 22, the men observed Layman's Sunday. Hon. Oliver H. Chase of Concord and Postmaster Danforth of this church gave two splendid addresses. They were assisted by three other men of the parish who took the other parts of the service. By the death of one of the ladies of the church a handsome sum will be added to our income.

New York

Central Square.—Rev. Julia M. Tobey, pastor. The season has opened with good promise of success in all departments. At a recent parish meeting it was voted to remodel the basement of the church into a dining room, kitchen, etc. A committee was appointed and nearly $1,000 has already been subscribed for that purpose and the work will be started soon. On Sunday, Oct. 15, Mr. Gabrials of Syracuse spoke in behalf of the Near East and $236 was raised in money and pledges.

Ohio

Norwalk.—Rev. W. W. Betts, pastor. The service on Laymen's Sunday was conducted almost wholly by laymen. Ralph C. Orr, Irving Carpenter and Chester Saunders gave addresses on the general topic of the relation of religion to every-day life. Mr. Betts also spoke on the same subject, taking the place of one of the laymen, who was unable to be present.

Rhode Island

East Providence.—Rev. H. I. Cushman, pastor. The Ballou Society, the women's organization of this parish, held its annual meeting Monday afternoon, Oct. 9. Officers were elected, and annual reports indicated a prosperous year. The treasurer reported a larger balance than usual, and the society increased its annual contribution to the current expenses of the parish. The annual meeting of the First Universalist Society was held immediately following the Ballou Society supper. The report of the treasurer showed all bills paid and a generous balance on hand. The society passed resolutions expressing its appreciation of financial aid from year to year from the State Convention. The resolution also stated that the society expects to meet all expenses of the coming year without aid. The Mission Circle held its first meeting for the season on Thursday evening, Oct. 19. The Circle studies the Mission Lesson books. The quotas set by the W. N. M. A. have all been met without running into debt. At this meeting each member brought a dollar and reported, sometimes in rhyme, how she had earned it during the summer. Rally Sunday was observed Sept. 24 and Laymen's Sunday Oct. 22. The Sunday school keeps its "Birthday Globe Bank" before the teachers and scholars each Sunday, and the bank gathers enough money during the year to make its gifts to the Blackmer Home equal to the gifts of some larger schools.

Providence, First.—Rev. R. R. Hadley, pastor. The Ladies' Humane Society held a birthday party Oct. 18 to celebrate their ninety years of continuous service. Organized first to do relief work among the poor during an outbreak of cholera in 1832, the society has worked for humanity ever since that time. At the anniversary banquet the vice-president, Mrs. Everett Thayer, was toastmistress, and Mrs. Henry I. Cushman, who grew up in the parish, was historian. Responses, reminiscent and prophetic, were made by the pastor emeritus, Dr. Cushman, Mrs. Susan Carrique, twice a president of the society, Mrs. Isabelle C. White, the present president, and the pastor, Rev. R. R. Hadley. Nearly a hundred members were present, including Mrs. Oscar Cornell, the oldest living president. Announcement was made of the publication of the Centennial Book of the parish, containing the historical addresses, numerous illustrations, and other material of permanent interest to the friends of the First Church.

Harrisville.—Rev. A. M. Soule, pastor. Sunday, Oct. 22, was our Rally Day. At the close of the morning service a program was given by the Sunday school. Our pastor, who came to us June 1 from Kingfield, Me., outlined the program for the year in the several departments of the church and Sunday school. Mr. Soule has recently organized a promising troop of Boy Scouts of which he is the Scout-master. Plans are well under way for the annual fair by the Ladies' Aid Society to be held in December. The fair this year will be known as the Gipsy Camp, the decoration scheme giving the effect the name indicates. The ladies have plans for a different attraction each month until the last of next spring. A physical culture class is being organized among the women of the church.

Vermont

Bellows Falls.—Rev. R. F. Johonnot, D. D., pastor. At a recent meeting the parish voted to purchase a new pipe organ. Work to this end has been going on for the past three years and over $5,000 has been collected in cash, the Ladies' Aid having raised about $1,300 and the Y. P. C. U. nearly $500. The old organ, which had been in use for almost forty years, was sold last year. The order for the new organ has been placed with the Austin Organ Company of Hartford, Conn., and it will cost over $9,000. The whole amount

has been pledged. At the same meeting the parish also voted to purchase a parsonage. Contract for such purchase has since been made, and the pastor and wife hope to move in next month, their rented house having been sold.

* *

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

The Rev. U. S. Milburn of Salem on Monday, Oct. 30, discussed "Economic, Social and Religious Conditions in Europe," describing a visit made to the British Isles, Germany, France and Italy, including a visit to the Passion Play, during the past summer.

Quoting Dr. Norwood at City Temple on his return from America, he said: "There are only two religions denominations in America, the forward looking and the backward looking, the progressive and the retrogressive."

"In the British Isles, hardships resulting from the war," said Mr. Milburn, "are revealed on every side." In Italy the Catholic church has lost ground.

Speaker Nov. 16, the Rev. A. Gertrude Earle, subject, "Thinking Big—A Message from the Board of Foreign Missions."

* *

SOUTH SHORE LEAGUE

The South Shore League of Universalist Young People held its annual meeting at the First Universalist Church, Abingdon, Oct. 15. A social hour began at 5.30 with refreshments at 6. The business session came at 6.30. Ninety-five delegates were present, the entire eight member Unions being represented. Plans were made for holding a social at Brockton in November. Officers were elected as follows: President, Roger L. Marble, North Weymouth; vice-president, Marion Favor, Brockton; secretary, Elizabeth Hall, Weymouth; treasurer, Willard Hyland, Quincy. The devotional meeting came at 7.15. Rev. L. W. Attwood presided and was ably assisted by an excellent choir. The address of the evening was the report of the Worcester Convention, give by Roger L. Marble, official delegate from the league.

* *

DR. GROSE GOES TO ALL SOULS, BROOKLYN

Dr. Arthur W. Grose has accepted a call to All Souls Church, Brooklyn, from which Dr. Bartlett resigned last spring in order to enter the Congregational Church.

All Souls is one of our best organized and best supported churches. Dr. Grose is one of our best equipped men. Thus begins what ought to be another fruitful and powerful ministry in Greater New York.

The last pastorate of Dr. Grose was in Rochester, N. Y., where he served over fifteen years. He resigned to do war work, serving with the Y. M. C. A. over seas—in difficult, dangerous and important posts. Returning, he was invited to become Chief Civilian Adviser of the General Staff of the U. S. Army in reorganizing welfare, educational, and religious activities of the army.

On July 1, 1921, Dr. Grose resigned his army work and took a position temporarily with Community Service Incorporated, at no time intending or desiring to leave the ministry permanently.

Mrs. Grose will be of great help in parish work, both on account of her personality and because of a unique and valuable experience in business and public work, having lived in Japan for several years, and later serving as secretary to David Starr Jordan, and going on the ill-starred Ford Peace Ship. When this party was disbanded she was charged with the responsibility of closing up its affairs in several European capitals.

Dr. and Mrs. Grose expect to begin work in Brooklyn about Dec. 1.

* *

Notices

CONNECTICUT MID-YEAR CONFERENCE

The Mid-Year Conference of the Connecticut Universalist Convention and Women's Universalist Missionary Society of Connecticut will meet at Hartford, Wednesday, Nov. 8, with the following program:

2.30 p. m.—Devotional Service Address. Rev. Maud Lyon Cary of New York. Address: "Teaching Geography in the Church School," Miss Elizabeth Marshall of Yale Graduate School. Address: "Religious Journalism in the United States," Dr. John van Schaick, Jr., of *The Universalist Leader*.

At 6 p. m. supper will be served by the ladies of the Hartford church at 50 cents per plate.

7.45 p. m.—Service in Memory of Dr. John Coleman Adams. Address: Rev. F. W. Perkins, D. D., of Lynn, Mass.

* *

NEW YORK FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letter of transfer granted to Milton Bennett to Maine and to Gustave A. Leining to Connecticut. Dismissed with recommendation, A. Eugene Bartlett.

George F. Bowers, Secretary.

* *

STATE MEETING IN MAINE

On Nov. 10, 1922, the women of the Universalist Church are to hold a State Meeting in the Universalist Church at Brunswick.

At 10.30 a Round-Table Talk on the plans for the State and National Work, led by Mrs. Folsom and Rev. Maude Lyon Cary of Little Falls, N. Y., a member of the National Board. At 12 lunch will be served by the Brunswick Circle, 25 cents.

At 1.30 Devotional Service. 2 p. m., address by Mrs. Cary followed by a Round-Table Talk on India.

Mrs. M. G. Folsom.

* *

COMMUNION SET OFFERED

The beautiful country church located at Wauponsee, Ill., was totally destroyed by lightning a number of years ago.

A fine communion service, presented by the Universalist Women's Association of Illinois to the new church built under the pastorate of the writer, was saved from loss. The set, beautifully engraved and consisting of tankard, two cups, and two salvers, is offered to a worthy and earnest church, preferably in Illinois. All communications and recommendations may be addressed to the former pastor,

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Crackling

"I want a dress to put on around the house," said the lady in the department store.

"How large is your house, madam?" inquired the new clerk.—*Hollywood High School News.*

* *

Author (at private film exhibition): "That's quite an original plot. When are you showing me the film of my book?"

Film Magnate: "You've just seen it."—*Punch (London).*

* *

They pointed particularly to the need for placing more power in the hands of the police to rid the city of persons who often have drifted in from other cities to ply some criminal trade in the Capital, as advocated frequently in the past by the *Post.—From a News Item in the Washington Post.*

* *

"You should always be exceedingly careful about your conduct," said Johnny's mother, giving him a moral lecture. "I want you never to do anything which you would be ashamed to have the world see you doing."

The youngster let out a whoop of delight and turned a handspring in his exuberance.

"What in the world is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" demanded his mother.

"No'm," was the answer. "I'm just glad 'cause you don't expect me to take baths any more."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

A small boy came hurriedly down the street, and halted breathlessly in front of a stranger who was walking in the same direction.

"Have you lost half a dollar?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I believe I have!" said the stranger, feeling in his pockets. "Have you found one?"

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I just want to find out how many have been lost today. Yours makes fifty-five."—*Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).*

* *

Little Mabel cast an indignant look at her brother, who had got the best of the plateful of cherries that the children were dividing. "You really are a pig, John," she declared.

But her mother did not like the word. "It's not very nice to call your brother a pig, darling," she said.

"All right then," replied Mabel. "But the next time I see a pig I shall call him 'John.' "—*Punch.*

* *

Phineas Shark, the eminent statistician and mathematician, estimates that if all the safety zones in the United States were placed side by side, there would still be pedestrians to stand outside of them and automobile drivers who would drive through them.—*Detroit Motor News.*

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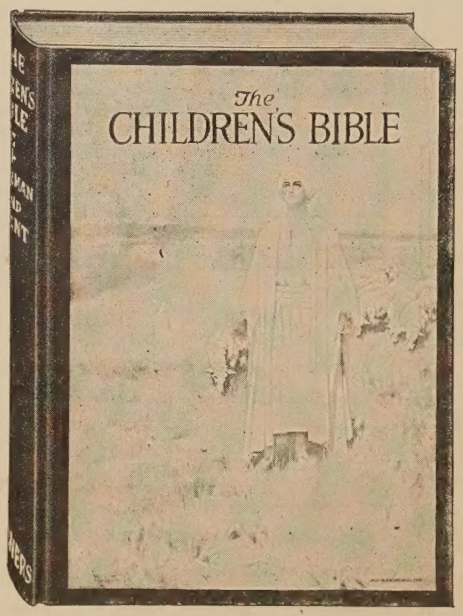

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